THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 32.

ONLY A WORD.

BY L. PEMBERTON.

Only a word, do you tell me? Yes:
And it matters so little, as you believe;
Only a word! Yet you cannot guess
The mark on a life a word may leave!

"Only a word." Oh, I know it well--
That glib excuse for a thoughtless speech!
And yet remember you cannot tell
How far or how deep a word may reach.

Only a word! But a word may harm,
And open a wound with its ceaseless smart;
And a word may heal like a magic charm,
If it come direct from a loving heart.

And "only a word," for all we know,
May hinder a sin, or may save a soul,
For the words we utter, they live and grow,
Though they pass in a breath beyond control.

'Tis nothing but tiny drops that fill
Yon river that rolls so strong and deep,
And a life's whole teaching, for good or for ill,
Is made of the words we hold so cheap!

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

LORD RYVERS was always fond of painting. I remember now hearing that he had gone on a sketching tour; but that was more than a year ago. Do you know anything of the girl's antecedents—what her name was, or where she came from?"

"Not one word," replied Oscar. "She is not reticent either; but it so happens that I have never heard her speak of herself at all. I can answer for one thing—that she is an angel. My mother loves her."

"He introduced her to your mother then?" said his companion. "It must be all right."

"The introduction came about accidentally. The thing that has annoyed me always is that he never seems to think my mother or any of the rest of us good enough acquaintances for her."

"That seems more hopeful, I think," said Hubert Forest-Hay. "Lord Ryvers is a man of the strictest honor."

"What shall we do?" demanded Oscar breathlessly.

"Do nothing. The safest rule is to leave other people's affairs entirely alone."

"But it cannot go on!" cried the other one.

"What right have we to interfere?" said Hubert Forest-Hay.

"The right of the strong to protect the weak," replied Oscar.

"But you do not know that the lady is weak. Remember, this is all supposition. Even if your worst suspicions were verified what could you do? It is no business of yours; nor can you by any possibility make it so."

"It ought to be the business of every honest man to right a wrong when the opportunity occurs for doing so," declared Oscar.

"Very good in theory, but in practice difficult of accomplishment," rejoined his companion. "You must remember another thing—and let it make you cautious. Suppose you interfere in the matter, and then find out that you have made a foolish mistake, and that that golden-haired girl is Lady Ryvers. It would be awkward, to say the least of it. Take my advice, and say nothing at all."

"But that seems cowardly," remarked Oscar.

"I am incapable of counselling cowardice as I am of advising useless, idle, and vain interference," said Hubert Forest-Hay calmly. "You see, we have come across a certain fact that is incomprehensible. It may hide a wrong or a mystery. In either case it has nothing to do with us. I tell you candidly my feeling in the matter is a very strong one. I have nothing to do with the private life of an old college friend. If I had had even the faintest idea of anything unusual, I should not have mentioned Lord Ryvers's name. I shall keep the whole affair a profound secret, and I should advise you to do the same."

But Oscar was almost too excited to understand.

"I shall not remain here now," said Hubert Forest-Hay. "A friend of mine has been urging me to go with him to Sicily, and I shall accept the invitation, starting to-morrow. I should not like any unpleasant complication to arise through me."

"That is carrying chivalry too far," said Oscar.

"I do not think so. I know his family: I know Lady Ryvers and the Countess of Lester well; and, because I know them, I am anxious to know no more of his affairs than I can help."

"Then, if the marriage is legal, the lady we have been calling Mrs. Randolph is Lady Ryvers."

"Certainly she is; and all that I have to say upon the matter is this, that, when he takes Lady Ryvers to England, he will remember the day. Now you take my counsel and say nothing. I shall go back to the 'Lion d'Or'; I should not care to meet him. My family do not know him."

"I am very sorry you are going," said Oscar.

"Walk with me as far as the hotel," said Hubert Forest-Hay, who by this time bitterly repented what he had said.

He was one of those men who would sooner do a good turn than a bad one.

In his heart he had a great liking for Lord Ryvers, and would not have done him any harm.

He had spoken without thinking; it had never occurred to him that his old friend was living under any disguise.

As they walked through the quiet graceful shadows on the roads, Hubert Forest-Hay turned to his companion.

"It is a strong case against Lord Ryvers, I must admit," he said; "but he was always the very soul of honor. I can remember some cases in which he was chivalrous, I may even say quixotic. It will be far more prudent for you to say nothing of what you have discovered or what you suspect."

"If there has been anything wrong or underhand, he deserves to be shot, even though he were the descendant of a hundred earls!" declared Oscar hotly. "She is the most beautiful, just as she is the most simple and innocent of girls."

"We will try to think there is nothing wrong," said his companion; "but I wish with all my heart I had never seen this place, or, at least, had never seen my friend in it. Good night, Mr. Carstone, and pray remember that in this instance, as in every other, discretion is the better part of valor, or, if I may quote a little proverb, 'Speech is silver, but silence is gold'"

* * * * * *

Oscar Carstone returned to the ball-room.

He could hardly realize even now all that had happened.

He was not like his father, "a dear lover of a lord," but he had a certain amount of respect for the nobility.

He felt half bewildered when he remembered how he had disliked the man, how he had treated him with something like contempt, as being of decided social inferiority—and, after all, he was the wealthy Lord Lyvers of Ryverswell.

All that had appeared a mystery was clear to him now—the fees to servants, the free expenditure of money.

All that had seemed to him strange in an artist was now easily understood in a wealthy nobleman.

"How astounded my mother and father would be if they knew it!" he thought seriously.

He could not form an idea as to why Lord Ryvers should be living there under an assumed name, his marriage a secret to the whole world.

It was a weighty secret for him to hold, and for some time he held it well.

He went back to the ball-room; but he did not seek Mrs. Randolph now; he was content to watch her from the other end of the room, and watch her in wonder.

If she had been in any way deceived, if her marriage were not legal, then Lord Ryvers was certainly the greatest villain under the sun.

But, looking at the girl's queenly face, his doubts and suspicions in some measure died.

No one would dare to deceive her. She was too beautiful, too queenly.

But yet, if the marriage had been a perfectly lawful marriage, why was he living here under a false name? Why was he so desirous of keeping everything from observation?

Why not meet his friends? Why not tell his family of his marriage.

Lord Ryvers, who knew nothing of what had passed, teased his wife on the defection of her admirer.

"My frowns are as successful as your smiles," he said. "Your smiles attract, my frowns repel."

"I do not see why you wish to repel Mr. Carstone," she returned gravely. "You must remember what you have promised me."

"If he would always keep his distance as he has done to-night, I should not find him so objectionable."

But Violet would not listen. He had promised to be courteous and civil to the Carstones. She would not let him laugh at them.

"Madame looks magnificent to-night," said Lord Ryvers. "The ruby velvet train is really an artistic touch, Violet."

"She is a kind, good woman, Randolph, and she looks nice because she is good. You shall not laugh at her!" cried Violet.

"That is a new idea of the fashion-books" he said. "But I am not laughing. Who could laugh at such a gorgeous dame? I cannot quite understand your friend to-night; he seems to avoid me," he went on. "He looks strangely at me, and his manner is different. But why need I trouble myself about him?"

"Why, indeed!" laughed Violet. "I was just thinking so."

"Have you nearly had enough of this, Violet?" he asked. "I shall be glad when it is time to go."

"Not yet," she cried, with such fervor that he was amused—"not yet. I am so happy, and I have so many partners."

"Be happy then, my darling," he said. "Enjoy yourself in your own bright fashion."

An hour later Lord Ryvers found himself near Mrs. Carstone, to whom also the evening had been a delightful one.

She was vigorously using her fan, and looked up at him as he passed.

"I have had a very pleasant time, Mr. Randolph," she said. "I have met some really nice people."

But Lord Ryvers was not sufficiently interested to ask who the people were; so that, for some time at least, he did not know the discoverer of his secret.

"How much your wife has been admired!" Mrs. Carstone continued.

"Not half so much as she deserves to be" he replied laughingly.

And Mrs. Carstone thought to herself: "There is a great deal of good, after all, in the young man."

Violet looked fresh as the morning breaking in the skies when they returned to their hotel.

Richard Carstone had been very much impressed by the ball; he had had a glimpse of a new world, and he had found that there were many things money could never purchase.

Mrs. Carstone had enjoyed herself supremely; she had talked to Lady Forest-Hay, and had been introduced to several ladies whom she had long desired to know.

But Oscar was strangely silent.

He hardly spoke in answer to any remarks that were made to him.

His silence continued until the next day at noon.

He had a desperate struggle with himself.

He felt that the proper and manly thing to do was to keep silence with regard to a secret of which he had accidentally gained possession.

Then he pictured to himself his mother's wonder and his father's consternation were he to reveal what he knew; and finally he decided to tell his mother, come what might, and she might please herself as to what use she would make of her knowledge.

"Oscar," she said, when she found herself alone with her son for a few minutes, "you seem very absent this morning; and you were very strange last evening. Will you tell me what is wrong?"

It so happened that Mrs. Carstone quite inadvertently led up to the subject.

"I was just on the point of confiding in you," he answered. "The fact is, I have discovered a secret."

He uttered the last word in such a portentous and important tone that Mrs. Carstone turned pale.

"A secret!" she cried. "Oh, my dear Oscar what is it?"

"Hush, mother! Remember, walls have ears," he said; "and no one must hear one syllable of what I have to say."

"My dear boy, what can be the matter?" Mrs. Carstone asked, in some alarm.

"Come out on the terrace with me," he said; "no one will overhear us there."

Mother and son went out together. Mrs. Carstone laid her hand on her son's arm as they walked slowly up and down, for Oscar appeared in no haste to impart his news.

"I have discovered a secret," he said at length, "and one that seems to me of great importance. I was advised not to mention the subject; but I must tell you."

"You are quite right, Oscar," his mother declared decisively. "You may rely upon my prudence. I always say to your dear father that women are the safest confidantes after all. What is your secret?"

"I hardly know how to tell you," he replied. "I have never been so surprised in all my life. You know that we have none of us liked Mr. Randolph, as he calls himself. We thought he gave himself great airs and graces."

"So he does," agreed Mrs. Carstone.

"Who in the world do you think he turns out to be mother?"

"Himself, I should say," she replied. "My dear Oscar, who else could he be?"

"Mother you will be astonished. He is no artist—at least, he is not a professional artist; he is Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell, one of the richest men in England."

"Lord Ryvers!" she gasped. "Lord Ryvers! And we have been so uncivil to him! Oh, Oscar, what shall we do, what shall we do?"

"I am not concerned with regard to ourselves, mother," he replied. "It is this which troubles me—if he is Lord Ryvers, who is the beautiful girl he calls Mrs. Randolph?"

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Carstone piteously, "what can you mean? Surely no harm to bright beautiful Violet—surely none to her!"

"I do not know; I hope not mother. But I want to know what you think about it. The whole matter has to me a very awkward look. This man is really Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell. He has several fine estates, is reputed to be enormously rich, and holds a very high position. Now why should he be living here under an assumed name? When people take a false name, it is because they want to deceive some one. The question is, whom does he wish to deceive or mislead?"

"My dear Oscar, how clever you argue the point!"

"The only person I can see he deceives is bright beautiful Violet, as you call her, mother. It is quite evident that she is ignorant of all these things. She does not know his name, his rank, or anything about him. She believes him to be an artist working for his living. The question is, why has he deceived her? And I fear there can be but one answer."

"What an awful thing!" cried the kindhearted woman. "I have always heard that noblemen are very foolish and wilful; but, Oscar, he seems such a good man!"

"Seeming and being are two different things, mother" replied Oscar sententiously. "What is your own opinion? If everything be quite right and straightforward, what need of disguise?"

"Very true. Oh, Oscar, what a lawyer you would have made!"

"Never mind me, mother; I want you to think of this girl, not of me. If she has been cruelly deceived, as it seems to me she must have been, is it not our duty to open her eyes?"

But Mrs. Carstone looked very grave.

"Do you think it does any good to try to open people's eyes?" she said. "I am not very wise, my dear, or very clever; but I have learned one thing from experience, and it is not to interfere with other people's affairs."

"That is right enough in the abstract mother; but this is a peculiar case. What would you think if Mrs. Randolph, as we have learned to call her, were a daughter of your own? You must do to her what you would wish any Christian under similar circumstances to do to a daughter of yours. My firm belief is that the marriage, even granting that there has been one, is illegal, and that he knows it. If it be so, it is our duty, mother, to rescue the girl; it is indeed."

"How can we rescue her?" asked Mrs. Carstone. "I——"

"You must do it, mother!" he cried vehemently. "How can we sit by in silence while we see such deceit practiced upon a helpless girl?"

"But, Oscar, perhaps she knows; perhaps they have some reason for concealing their rank and position which they do not choose to make known. I thought fashionable people—great people, I mean—often traveled under another name, so as to avoid all fuss and ceremony?"

"Royalty does that. It is hardly probable that an English lord would give himself the trouble. In fact, mother, be as charitable as I may, I find no other solution of the difficulty but this—that Lord Ryvers has chosen to hide his name and rank purposely to deceive that beautiful girl. If such be the case, it is right that the fraud should be exposed. Your own reason, your own sense must tell you so, mother. We could not let any one go straight to ruin in that fashion without at least to save them, could we?"

"Let us tell your father, Oscar, and see what he says," said Mrs. Carstone. "I do not remember ever feeling so utterly bewildered in my life before."

CHAPTER XVII.

"TELL her?" cried Richard Carstone. "Why, most certainly she ought to know! She must know! My dear," he continued, turning suddenly to his wife, "you must be the person to do it. Women understand women best. You must manage it. I could not as an Englishman stand by silently while so cruel a wrong was perpetrated. The girl may be motherless, she may be friendless; it is our duty to interfere."

And, when Richard Carstone once became convinced that to do a thing was his duty, he did it.

"I dread to undertake such a task," said Mrs. Carstone. "Suppose it is all right—she will be angry that we have suspected anything; so will he. She will be sure to tell him. And, on the other hand, if it be all wrong, what am I to do with her? She will break her heart."

"Nonsense!" said her husband curtly. "This is no time for hesitation or to be influenced by fine scruples. I hope you will make an opportunity for seeing Mrs Randolph to-day, first of all, whether she understands her true position. Indeed you must lose no time about it. Try to see her this morning."

Fate favored Mrs. Carstone.

Lord Ryvers went to a neighboring town to make some purchases, and Violet, as she always did in his absence, came to see her new friend.

The color and light faded out of that lady's face when she saw her, for she did not like her task.

"You are not well, Mrs. Carstone," said Violet, after the first greetings were over. "I am glad that I have a few hours to spare this morning. My husband has gone to purchase some wonderful paints."

"And you have come to spend your leisure-time with me," said Mrs. Carstone. "That is really good of you. Shall we go out? The sun shines, but it is not too warm."

There was a little green square amongst the orange-trees, where a large vine had been trained over pretty trellis-work, and little stands and chairs had been placed underneath. Here Mrs. Carstone paused.

"Sit down, my dear," she said. "I cannot walk far to-day."

Violet wondered a little at her strange manner—it was so nervous, so timid, so unlike Mrs. Carstone's usual kind, unconcerned way. And, above all other topics, Mrs. Carstone chose to speak of her wedding-day.

"We always keep up the anniversary of our wedding-day," she said. "We have quite a little *fete*. Do you, Mrs. Randolph? I think it a very nice custom for all married people to observe."

"I have had but one anniversary," she replied, with a smile; "but I quite agree with you; it is a very pleasant custom. I must tell my husband that we also must plan a *fete* for next year."

"My dear," said Mrs. Carstone, trying to speak carelessly, "what is your husband's Christian name?"

"Randolph," Violet replied—"the same as his surname."

"That is a strange thing—very unusual, I should imagine," observed Mrs. Carstone.

"Yes, it is unusual," said Violet. "I know a Philip Philips, and I have read of an Owen Owen."

"Speaking of names and marriage," said Mrs. Carstone, "what was your maiden name?"

"Beaton," replied Violet; "I am always proud of my name, because it is in the old ballad—

"'There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.'"

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Carstone, with something of awe, "do you really belong to a family so ancient as that?"

"No," laughed Violet; "I should say not. 'Beaton' is by no means an uncommon name. I have never thought as to whether I was descended from the Beatons mentioned in the song or not."

Still Mrs. Carstone felt that she was no nearer the knowledge she wished to obtain.

"I was married at St. John's, in the city" she said. "Where were you married, Mrs. Randolph?"

Violet, who knew of no necessity for keeping the circumstances connected with her marriage a secret, answered readily enough—

"In one of the prettiest of old churches—at St. Byno's, where I lived."

"Then she was married," thought Mrs. Carstone. "Tell me about your wedding," she continued; "I like to hear about love-stories and weddings."

But her hands trembled as she spoke, and there was great anxiety in her eyes.

"There was nothing very remarkable attending my wedding," said Violet. "Mr. Randolph and I were married on the twenty-second of September, and it was one of the loveliest days that even a poet could imagine."

"And you were very happy, my dear?" she said gently.

"Yes, very happy. The only drawback to my happiness was that my aunt, with whom I had always lived, detested men, love, lovers, and marriage. She prophesied the most terrible things for me."

"None of them have come true, I hope?" said Mrs. Carstone.

"No," laughed Violet blithely, "not one of them; and they never will."

"Your aunt went to your wedding with you, I suppose?" said Mrs. Carstone.

"Yes, she was present; but, as Mr. Randolph said afterwards, it was like a Death's head at a feast. She never smiled, and she looked profoundly miserable all the time."

"It must be all right," thought Mrs. Carstone. "This aunt was evidently a keen woman. If there had been any flaw in the proposal, she would gladly have seized upon it. Certainly there must have been a marriage. The only question that remains is whether it was a legal one."

"Why did you marry an artist?" she asked, as though the idea had suddenly occurred to her.

But there was no consciousness on Violet's face as she answered—

"It must have been my fate," she said slowly.

Evidently she had no idea that her husband was anything but an artist.

"You must forgive me if I say that, with your beautiful face, you might have done much better. You might have married a lord."

"A lord!" cried Violet, with indignant scorn. "I would not have married a lord to have saved my life."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Carstone wonderingly.

"I hate all aristocrats!" cried Violet. "So did my aunt; she brought me up to hate them."

"How strange!" said Mrs. Carstone.

But she never thought of the connecting link.

It did not occur to her that perhaps Lord Ryvers had hidden his name and title to win his wife.

She looked at the beautiful face that would have graced any station.

"Do you know Mrs. Randolph," she said, "you are quite an original character? You are unlike any one I have ever met."

Then her doubts assailed her again. That marriage could not have been legal, or why had Lord Ryvers kept it a secret?

"I do not see that I differ from others," Violet replied, "except that I have strong likes and dislikes, and I am true to them."

Mrs. Carstone did not believe that such a thing was possible as a true dislike to the aristocracy.

It made no impression on her. Her one desire now was to find out if the marriage were legal or not.

"Do you visit your husband's family at all?" she said, trying to speak as though the idea had occurred to her quite accidentally.

"No," was the girl's reply. "I do not know anything of them. My husband has never spoken of them."

"That seems strange," said Mrs. Carstone; "but of course they know he is married."

"I do not know. It is a subject we have never discussed, Mrs. Carstone."

"A young husband is generally so proud to introduce his wife to his friends. It is one of the first things of which he would think. My husband was delighted, I remember, to take me home."

"I have never thought of it," replied Violet. I should think my husband is very much like myself, almost alone in the world."

And again Mrs. Carstone felt at a loss what to say.

"Do you think—have you any reason to think that your husband has married without the knowledge of his family?" she inquired.

"No," laughed Violet; "I have not thought of his family, nor do I think that he himself has. I must ask him."

"Would it vex you to find that he had done so?" Mrs. Carstone asked.

"No, I do not think it would," replied Violet. "I should feel sure that he had some reason for it. If he had relatives living for whom he cared, he would have talked about them."

"Has your husband always been an artist?" the other pursued.

"Yes, so far as I know. At least, he must have been; he is so young now, and he has been studying all his life. He could not have been anything else."

"You do not seem to know much of his past, my dear," remarked Mrs Carstone.

"Mrs Carstone," the girl said suddenly, "you have something to tell me. All these questions and suggestions make me feel quite sure of it. You are as Mr. Carstone would say, beating about the bush. Now tell me at once what it means!"

There was an energy, a vivacity about her, which considerably startled Mrs Carstone, and made her feel at a loss how to continue the subject.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"YOU are so quick, my dear," said Mrs. Carstone. "You must give me time to think and to speak. You must not hurry me."

"Then you have something to tell me!" cried Violet. "I felt quite sure of it. What is it, Mrs. Carstone?"

"I do not like my task at all. I would not have undertaken it, but that my husband and son insisted upon it"

"Your husband and son!" said Violet proudly. "What have they to do with me?"

"Nothing; but they felt that the mystery should be cleared up."

"What mystery? There is no mystery concerning me," said the young girl more proudly still.

"Unfortunately there is a very unmistakable mystery," replied Mrs. Carstone.

Then Violet rose from her pretty garden chair, and stood, erect and haughty before her companion.

"You must say more now that you have said so much," she declared. "To my mind, the very word 'mystery' is distasteful and I am proud to say that there is none attached to me."

She stood erect and haughty enough, most fair to see, her dress of pale blue sweeping the ground in graceful folds, the slanting sunbeams falling on her golden hair and beautiful face—a face flushed now with indignation.

The proud sweet lips trembled, and the white hands toying with the vine-leaves were not quite steady.

"Now, Mrs. Carstone, what is the mystery?" she persisted.

"If you are going to be angry with me," said Mrs. Carstone, "I cannot tell you at all."

And she looked so distressed that Violet's heart smote her.

"I am not angry," she replied. "Why, should I be? I am quite sure of one thing—you would not do or say anything knowingly to hurt me."

"I wish I knew how to tell you in such words that could not annoy you. Perhaps you will think it is not my business, and that I need not have spoken. Still it seems right that you should know. Mrs. Randolph, your husband is not what he seems to be."

Violet's face grew paler and prouder.

"In what way?" she asked. "I will believe nothing but what is good of him."

"He is not what he seems to be," repeated Mrs. Carstone. "He calls himself 'Mr. Randolph,' and he professes to be an artist, in both respects acting untruthfully. Your husband's name is not 'Randolph,' neither his he an artist."

"Who and what is he, then?" asked the girl, in a low hoarse voice.

It seemed to her impossible that he should be anything but the gallant loyal lover she had always known.

"He is Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell, one of the wealthiest men in England."

The effect Mrs. Carstone's words produced was quite different from what she expected.

The beautiful face before her grew white to the very lips, and the light died from the violet eyes.

"I do not believe it!" the girl gasped at length. "I will not believe it! I should hate him if it were true!"

"It is as true as that the sun shines in the heavens," replied Mrs. Carstone.

"I will not believe it!" Violet then repeated.

"It is most positively true," said Mrs. Carstone. "He is Randolph, Lord Ryvers, and he belongs to one of the grandest old families in England; he is a thorough aristocrat."

"An aristocrat!" cried the girl; and the word, as it came from her lips, was worse than a sneer. "I—I hate them!" she gasped. "I will not believe it."

"It seems to me that, if I had told you your husband was a thief, or a forger, instead of a nobleman, you could not be more angry," said Mrs. Carstone.

"I should not be one-half so angry," declared her companion. "You cannot understand; you have not been trained as I have been. Hatred of all such runs with the blood in my veins."

"It is very foolish," Mrs. Carstone said, astonished; "there is no sense nor reason in it."

But Violet flashed a look from her grand eyes which almost silenced her.

"You cannot understand," she said loftily.

And Mrs. Carstone felt that she spoke the truth.

Such sentiments as Violet had uttered were beyond her comprehension.

The girlish graceful figure was drawn to its full height; the flashing eyes looked down upon her.

"Why do you say this of my husband?" she asked. "And who has told you?"

Mrs. Carstone repeated the story exactly as she had heard it.

An old college friend of Lord Ryvers's had recognized him, and had gone away lest any complication or unpleasantness should arise through his recognition.

"I do not believe one word of it," declared Violet emphatically, when Mrs. Carstone had finished her recital. "He has been deceived by Mr. Randolph's resemblance to some one else he knows. Such a thing frequently happens. It is easier for me to believe every man in the world mistaken than to doubt the honor and integrity of my own husband."

And in that moment, while she was defending him, she cared more for him than she had ever done.

"The more I think of it," she said, "the more sure I feel that I am right. My husband would never have won me by fraud."

Mrs. Carstone looked at her with profound pity.

How little she suspected even what might possibly await her!

"It is out of their true liking and affection for you that my husband and son desire that you should understand your position. If it be true that your husband has married you in this secret fashion, that he is living here under a false name and in hiding, you must ask yourself what is the motive."

"He can have no motive," replied Violet; "therefore I say it is untrue."

"You will be compelled to believe what I have told you on proper authority," said Mrs. Carstone. "Ask yourself why your husband should live in such seclusion. There must be a reason for it; there must be a reason for his avoidance of all English people."

"I will not believe it!" reiterated Violet.

Yet, when she remembered how he had in all truth avoided mixing in English society, her heart sank.

"I must tell you frankly," continued Mrs Carstone, seeing that hints and allusions were all in vain, "that my husband and my son are afraid for you."

"Afraid of what?" asked her companion wonderingly.

And the kindly woman, who found her task so much more difficult than she had expected, shrank from the flash of the glorious eyes.

"When a rich young nobleman hides his rank and his name, assumes a disguise—acts, in fact, as your husband has acted—there is but one interpretation to be placed upon his conduct."

"And what is that?" asked Violet, so proudly that Mrs. Carstone was almost afraid to answer.

"I had better tell you," she replied, "though I know you will be angry. I cannot help it. You ought to know; you must know. When a man acts as your husband has acted, the inference is that either he is not married at all or that his marriage is not legal. Any one who heard the story would form the same opinion."

It was the white heat of rage that changed the beautiful face of the woman who listened into something almost too terrible to behold.

Yet she controlled herself, though her lips were white and quivered as she spoke.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, "that any one lives who dares to throw even the least shadow of doubt on my marriage?"

"My dear Mrs. Randolph, you must be calm and listen. Every one who hears your story will draw the same conclusion that we have done."

"Then the world is a vile, wicked place and the people in it are vile and wicked too. My marriage was as legal, as honorable, and as secure as though I had been a queen."

"Then it has been a foolish thing to make all this mystery about it," said Mrs. Carstone. "One thing is quite certain—your husband's friends know nothing of it. They have, if all be true that I hear, very different views for him. You know, of course, that there are some formalities in the marriages of noblemen under age. I cannot tell what they are—I only know that they exist—and it is just possible that in your case they have not been complied with."

"Why should any one think that? Why suspect it?" cried Violet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Made To Measure.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

HULLO, old chappie! you're the very chappie wanted to see, to ask about the other chappie," said the Honorable Heeston Hawbury, checking himself in the midst of his evolutions on the outside edge, and bringing himself to a standstill upon the ice.

"Do you mean Wentworth?"

"Yes, don't ye know; of course. You see, we're going to have some private theatricals at the Hall, and we want a fellow like-what's-his-name, or some chappie of the sort, to set us all going."

"I'm afraid you will have to do without him."

"Oh! dooce hang it all! he is the best fellow to act for miles round. Where is he? What's become of him?"

"He's left us all, and gone abroad to make his fortune."

"Haw! What? Never! Wentworth set off to walk to London, like that other chappie, with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder, and half a crown in his pocket, haw!

"Naw, by Jove, naw; I can't believe it."

"It's a fact, Hawbury, I assure you."

"Yaas. Has he weally, now?" replied the Honorable Heeston Hawbury, slowly, as he stroked his moustache.

"Then how about Miss Livingston? He hasn't taken her with him? She isn't the sort of girl to go with a chappie to physic darkies."

"No, not when there are half a dozen fellows waiting for her at home.

"See yonder; she has just come down to the lake, and there's that confounded fellow Newdigate putting on her skates."

"Haw! now Wentworth's away, a fellar who is really a fellar has a chance. Confound the theatricals!

"I'll go in for the Livingston, girl and back myself at five to one."

"Done! In what time?"

"I'll take your five to one in centuries that in three years from to-day, the Twenty-first of December, Lucy Livingston will be Mrs. Heeston Hawbury."

And the bet was booked.

Two years and three-quarters of the specified period elapsed, and Lucy Livingston was Lucy Livingston still.

During that time she had received half a dozen offers of marriage.

Lucy, as well as being an heiress, was one of the prettiest, brightest, freshest, merriest girls that ever said "no" to a suitor.

As one by one her rejected lovers went forth from her presence to despair, drink, or death, another, undeterred by the fate of his predecessors, willingly stepped into his place.

But Heeston Hawbury, who was the first to propose and be rejected, turned up at stated intervals, to be refused again and again, filling up the gap, so to speak, when no other eligible young men were forthcoming.

"I can't think why you don't marry Hawbury," said Uncle Toddy, pettishly, one September afternoon, on the promenade of Guterwurstbad.

Uncle Toddy was Lucy Livingston's only relative, and she was presumably heir to his very considerable property.

Moreover, he was her guardian, and if ever guardian was more completely under the control of a ward than he, history has not recorded the fact.

"My darling old uncle!" she answered, parting two cheeks with her pretty little pearl-gloved hands; "my darling old uncle! rather than marry Mr. Hawbury, I would give myself and my fortune to Dr. Wallis."

"My precious!" said Uncle Toddy, "why he is as old as I am."

"That's why I like him, dear," replied the artful little puss.

After peremptorily refusing her latest offer, not counting the Hon. Heeston Hawbury's, whose proposals came in like the chorus in a Greek play, Lucy declared her besieged heart needed rest, and her fatigued body change of scene.

Uncle Toddy, living only to please the pretty capricious girl, whom he loved as the apple of his eye, left it to her name a place of retreat.

After much deliberation, Miss Livingston decided upon Guterwurstbad.

Accordingly to Guterwurstbad they travelled.

Guterwurstbad is a small select fashionable German watering-place, not a thousand miles from the Black Forest, the Rhine, and the Danube, but as yet it has escaped the autumnal influx of English tourists, and is the chosen resort of long-named high-titled German and French nobility, with a sprinkling of the creamiest of London society. It is a tiny little village, with three hotels, a kursaal, a promenade, two bands, and a railway station.

It is situated as in the hollow of a cup, being hemmed in by mountains, which, clad to their summits with trees, afford an endless variety of rambles and excursions, while a hundred rivulets, rising amidst the hills, rush and foam over their rocky beds to swell the river, which boils and surges through the little town in its haste to join the Rhine.

In all Guterwurstbad no man was better known, no man more admired for his appearance, no man more respected for his talents, than the English physician, Dr. Wallis.

He was a man past middle age, with a singularly handsome face, though the color of youth had long since left his cheeks, and time had blanched his luxuriant hair.

His eyes, till dark and flashing, had so far lost their power as to necessitate the constant use of glasses, and his figure, which was slim and youthful for one of his years, would have been singularly graceful but for an awkwardness in one of the shoulders, which almost amounted to a deformity.

Further, he owned a melodious voice and a pleasant chit-chat conversation, which, without being absolutely witty, was yet sufficiently pungent and humorous to please.

There is little wonder that the entire English population, and a large per-centage of the foreign, courted the society of the English doctor, who, despite his years, was as active as a youth, as clever as a professor, and as handsome as an Apollo.

Lucy Livingston had apparently been dazzled by the glamor which surrounded this elderly physician, and after consulting him as an invalid, and having been promptly told that there was nothing whatever the matter with her, seemed in no wise inclined to drop the acquaintance, while the doctor, who had hitherto been impervious to all the arts and wiles of designing femininity, was seen sufficiently often in Miss Livingston's company to excite the envy, hatred, and malice of Hermione Heidelberg, a wealthy widow (rumor said her deceased husband had been a money-lender in Mayence), and of Eulalie de Chatenay, a French lady who passed for a countess, but was sometimes accused of having been in the ballet, who, before the advent of the young English beauty, had shared the attention of Dr. Wallis between them.

As for Lucy Livingston, she gloried in the jealousy she created, and never lost an opportunity of being seen in public with Dr. Wallis, nor did the old physician appear to find her company distasteful, and was even accused of neglecting his patients for the sake of a little fresh-colored girl from across the Channel, young enough to be his granddaughter.

"My darling!" said Uncle Toddy, "do not forget that Heeston Hawbury will be here this week: and, my pet, I should really reflect seriously, if I were in your position, before I refused him for the fourteenth time—he may not ask you again."

Doctor Wallis had rooms in the inn of the Three Cranes.

He had taken them on his arrival in Guterwurstbad, and had never thought it worth his while to risk the discomfort of an establishment of his own while he could enjoy the ease of a well-appointed hotel.

Madame Heidelberg and the Countess de Chatenay were both located beneath the same roof, but Lucy and Uncle Toddy lodged two doors off at the Crown.

A common grievance created a sympathy between the heretofore deadly rivals, Hermione Heidelberg and Eulalie de Chatenay.

They united in fierce condemnation of the "English minx;" they met and compared notes; they agreed that since Lucy's arrival at Guterwurstbad, Dr. Wallis had grown younger, jauntier, brisker, livelier; and they united in an ardent desire to save him from the traps laid for him by that "designing British hussy."

The very morning they made common cause together, a little forest urchin came tearing on mule-back through the woods, in search of the English doctor.

Her Puissant Serenity the Princess Fitzundstratzenberg lay dangerously ill at her castle, whither Dr. Wallis was bidden to haste as fast as his horse could take him.

The Countess de Chatenay watched him depart with a smile of triumph, and hardly had he quitted the hotel when, with a mysterious gesture, she beckoned Hermione Heidelberg to her.

"His secret is ours," she whispered in the vestibule. "We will be revenged!"

On tiptoe the two women stole upstairs to the doctor's apartments.

In the hurry of departure he had neglected to fasten his door, and the conspirators stole noiselessly into the room.

"See!" cried Eulalie; "do you wonder now that day by day his age grows less, that his wrinkles fade, that his parchment cheeks resume the bright hue of youth? See what the man we love, but who despises us, has stooped to do for the sake of the English minx!" and she pointed disdainfully to the dressing-table, on which stood an array of bottles, washes, dyes, and unguents, sufficient to stock a shop.

"He is beneath our notice!" said Madame Heidelberg, taking up bottle after bottle and examining them, apparently now and again recognizing one as an intimate acquaintance of her own.

"Yes, dear," rejoined the other; "but that is no reason why we should not expose him.

"It is quite sickening—a man at his time of life resorting to such practices to ingratiate himself with a pink and white doll like that! I thought better of him."

"So did I, dear," said Madame Heidelberg.

"We will expose him," continued Eulalie; "he shall no longer stoop to these artifices to win the affection of a girl young enough to be his granddaughter. Help me Hermione."

The river flowed beneath the doctor's window, and through the casement the two women recklessly pitched every bottle, box and pot, every brush, pin, and hare's foot they found upon his dressing-table.

"Now we shall see what he looks like in the morning!" said the countess, grimly laughing.

"Fancy the poor miserable wizened thing creeping shamefaced to the breakfast-table! Upon my word I almost pity him."

"He has brought it on himself," said Madame Heidelberg severely; "a man paint! Pah!"

The next morning when Dr. Wallis entered the salle-a-manger, there was a hesitation in his step, a troubled look on his face and he seated himself in the remotest corner farthest from the window.

Madame Heidelberg and the Countess interchanged glances; then they bent their gaze upon the physician.

He looked ten years younger than usual!

The crow's feet had vanished from his eyes.

There was a faint glow of color in his cheeks, and his snow-white hair was streaked with a darker hue.

At dinner another decade had been taken from his age, and at breakfast the following day, but for the glasses he wore, and the semi-venerable aspect of his locks, he might almost have been a young man.

"Where did he get a fresh supply?" asked Eulalie of Hermione.

Later in the day came a new arrival to the Three Cranes—a young Englishman, who inscribed his name in the visitors' book as Heeston Hawbury.

He stared hard at the doctor, then crossed the room, and extended his hand in greeting.

"Wentworth, old chappie," he said, "howdee?"

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, throwing aside his glasses, and appearing younger than ever, "I'm delighted to see you; but—you're twenty-four hours too late. Lucy accepted me yesterday."

"You see, Uncle Toddy," said Dr. Wallis Wentworth, without either glasses or hump that same evening, as he sat holding Lucy's unresisting hand in his, "have been 'made to measure.'

"You know how I tried and tried in vain to establish myself in practice in England; I had no money, few friends, and less interest; so I determined to emigrate.

"I took London on my way to some colony—I neither knew nor cared which—and while there, an old chum who had walked the hospital with me, told me there was a capital opening for a London physician at Guterwurstbad.

"I put myself in communication with his friend, a man in authority here, who wrote confirming the intelligence, but adding that it was absolutely necessary the doctor should be married, or else have the respectability of years.

"A married man or a bachelor over fifty was what was wanted.

"Of the two evils I chose the least. My taste, and I may say success in private theatricals, had given me a certain knowledge of the art of making up.

"They shall have a doctor to measure, said I.

"So I bleached my hair, and painted my cheeks, and lined my face, and wore double glasses, and came, and saw, and conquered, and here I am, Uncle Toddy, in a good practice, and with money laid by.

"Thanks to the spite of certain friends of mine, I am growing younger every day; but it is a matter of no importance, for now that I am no longer made to one measure, I will be to the other.

"I surrender old age in favor of matrimony.

"The Princess of Fitzundstratzenberg has to-day appointed me her physician in ordinary, and I only want your consent to my union with your niece to be the happiest man in the whole of the German empire."

"And you knew this all along, Lucy?" asked Uncle Toddy.

"Ye—s—es," faltered the blushing girl, with a roguish glance from beneath her lashes.

"Hum!—ha!—very wrong—all this mummning, acting, mountebank foolery; but—ahem—well, well—the least said the soonest mended. Bless you, my children."

A Singular Bequest.—There is nothing very extraordinary in folks fond of animal pets desiring to ensure their favorites being well treated after their death, but there is something extraordinary in bequeathing a parrot an annuity of more than $1000. That is what a wealthy widow did do for her faithful companion of twenty-four years. Poll was pretty sure of being well looked after, since the money was to be paid to whomsoever took charge of her, and proved her identity twice every year, all payments to cease upon the non-production of the bird. Eccentric as the bequest appears, the widow was passing shrewd and business-like in her arrangements for the pet's comfort. She named a widow of her acquaintance as the recipient of the bird and its legacy, giving her power to bequeath both to whomsoever she pleased, provided the person was neither a servant nor a man, and did not live out of England.

Bric-a-Brac.

Iron and Blood.—There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a ploughshare weighing 24 pounds.

Queen of the Antilles.—An appellation sometimes given to Cuba, which, from its great size, its rich natural productions ranks first among all the islands of the West Indian group.

A Slug.—The United States never has issued a $50 gold coin. An octagonal piece worth $50, known as a "slug," was coined in San Francisco in 1852, and circulated for a time on the Pacific coast.

Chinese Women.—It appears that there are one hundred and fifty million women and girls in China, nearly all of whom are uneducated and utterly ignorant. It is contrary to custom for a stranger of the male sex to speak to one.

An Eye for Color.—It is said that about fifteen thousand varieties of colors are employed by the workers of mosaic in Rome, and there ar fifty shades of each of these varieties, from the deepest to the palest, thus affording 750,000 tints, which the artist can distinguish with great facility.

Punctuation.—An English country paper contains the following curious instance of mispunctuation: "Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing."

Americanisms.—A New-Yorker who does not want to waste time proposes to clip the word "electric" to "lec." He argues that the necessity has arisen for a short word with which to describe the electric light. We say "gaslight" "moonlight," "sunlight"; why not say "lec light"? "Turn on the lec light" may be hereafter added to the list of Americanisms.

Theatre Dummies.—Curious as it may seem, it is not generally known by theatre audiences that the "perilous leaps," "terrific scaling of precipices," and other similar feats which fall to the lot of the hero or heroine of the play are in almost every case performed by a dummy. Thus, it is not the prima donna who, in "La Sonnambula" walks in the sleep across the bridge at the back of the stage, nor in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" is it the leading man who takes a flying leap from a tower, but in each case a carefully dressed dummy, whose bones are not particularly precious.

A Joke Rewarded.—The Earl of St. Alban's was, like many other staunch loyalists, little remembered by Charles II. He was, however, an attendant at Court, and one of his Majesty's companions in his gay hours. On one such occasion a stranger came with an importunate suit for an office of great value, just vacant. The King, by way of a joke, desired the Earl to personate him, and demanded the petitioner to be admitted. The gentleman, addressing himself to the supposed monarch, enumerated his services to the royal family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means," answered the Earl, "and I am only sorry that as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend, the Earl of St. Alban's," pointing to the king, "who constantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone unrewarded." Charles granted for this joke, what the utmost real services looked for in vain.

Fear an Ally of Disease.—While the plague was raging in Buenos Ayres, the grave-diggers bore charmed lives. Of the three hundred men so employed, not one died of the disease. It has often been noticed that during the prevalence of pestilential diseases, physicians, undertakers, nurses, and grave-diggers, whose business compelled constant liability to infection, have usually escaped in a far greater ratio than their numbers would warrant. The 'charm' of the immunity from the prevailing scourge is very simple. They are not scared. They are positive to the disease, and repel its attacks. Fear is a great ally of death. Whoever is afraid of disease is in a negative position and really invites its approach. And thus it is the world over. The brave die but once, while cowards die many times. Much unnecessary alarm exists in every community in regard to many diseases. But if we are all sober, cleanly and brave of heart, we need have no fear of disease of body or mind.

Woman's Heart.—A lady at Jackson, Mich., makes the sparrow nuisance render sweet tribute to her table. From a basement window of her house the lower sash has been removed, and, instead, a wire contrivance has been placed there, which is in the form of a half cylinder. It is so delicately balanced that as soon as a sparrow alights on a projecting bar its weight carries the contrivance half way around, where it is stopped suddenly by striking a projecting knob. That startles the bird, which finds itself carried by its own weight and the slow revolution of the wheel into a large cage inside the room. The sparrow finds a score of its kind in the cage, which are kept there as decoys to draw thither other sparrows in the neighborhood. A supply of grain is kept scattered near the outside of the trap, and a well-filled cup of grain rests directly beneath the bar on which the birds hop for the purpose of procuring a meal. It takes about thirty sparrows to make a pie, and it is a most palatable dish. They are as plump and fat as any bird known, and their flavor is delicate and flesh delicious. The lady says: "I learned to make use of them on the table by seeing my mother do it in England where these cages and reels are quite common."

IN THE GOLDEN GLOW.

BY S. S.

Lo! broken up and melted in the sky
Into an ocean of immensity,
Where golden islands swim in golden light
Too vast and shining-clear for mortal sight.

And day is ebbing far: but, ere it goes,
All the deep passion of its splendor flows
About thy beauty in a rolling tide
Straight from heaven's gates, and thou art glorified.

Oh, that the burning sunset could but speak
Those burning thoughts for which all words are
weak:
Could tell how my whole love to thee is given,
Quenchless and pure as very fire from heaven!

Ah! lift the wonders of that amber hair,
And turn on me thine eyes, oh, sweet and fair!
And let their pity meet the love in mine—
Pity and love akin, and both divine!

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"HUGH EVANS is right," said she; "all this is useless torture, unless you, sir, are better able to judge and to act for this young lady than appears to be the case.

"Winifred, you know your own position and wishes.

"They remain unchanged by anything this reverend gentleman has said, so far as I can see.

"Speak, finally and decidedly. Will you take his advice, or act as you had deliberately chosen to do before you gave your promise to Hugh Evan's wife?

"Remember, you stood at the altar with him by your own consent, knowingly and freely.

"But if you repent, I for one will not be responsible for the consequences. Will you go with us or not?"

The calm, authoritative tone seemed to compose and recall Winifred to herself.

She made one great effort, and took a step towards Hugh with an extended hand, and lips that in vain tried to pronounce "Yes."

A sudden impulse moved the young clergyman.

He took the outstretched hand in his ere Hugh could grasp it, and said, in grave, touching tones, such as befitted the tender beautiful words spoken so many centuries ago, and reiterated countless times with the same irresistible sweetness and balm to wounded, fearful, penitent hearts, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy child."

The effect was electrical.

The long pent-up tears, the yearning, gushing penitence of a broken heart, the irresistible longing for pardon, and love, and home for the short remainder of her life, were all loosened like the sudden opening of a flood-gate by those sweet sacred words.

Winifred snatched her hand from Matilda's arm to which it had hitherto clung, and throwing herself at Charles Thornton's feet, clasped his knees in an agony of sobs and tears.

"Take me, oh take me to them!" she cried; "if they spurn me from them, I can but die at their feet."

She could say no more, the passionate, hysterical grief choked her utterance; she could only cling to the young clergyman with a despairing, terrified clasp, as if expecting to be torn from him.

"It is all over," said Matilda, turning to Hugh, with a half-triumphant, half-dismayed look.

"The Fates willed that it was not to be.

"I have done my part; but God disposes though man proposes.

"Hugh Evans, I call on you, by your own baffled hopes, to perform your promise and help me to the just vengeance I demand."

"Woman like," said Hugh, with a bitter fiend-like laugh.

"Though the skies were falling, a woman would hold to her own darling, cat-like revenge.

"Well, as it happens, it suits me to keep my word, as it will be the best punishment for this changeable light-o-love here.

"You shall have your revenge, and so will I, though you did not know that they jumped together quite so well as they do.

"Hark ye, Mr. Thornton—and you, Winifred Herbert—this day's work has wrought more mischief than it has prevented.

"You have managed between you to put Evan Lloyd's head in the hangman's noose: so, if that is any consolation, you are welcome to it.

"Come, Miss Pearce, we will leave this young couple to their pleasant love passages.

"They will perhaps hear of us both soon enough."

Taking Matilda's hand, he led her quickly from the church before the paralyzed Winifred could comprehend the full extent of the misery that his last words threatened, or hear the gentle, consoling tones of Charles Thornton's voice, as he gently strove to raise her from the floor, where she was still prostrate at his feet.

"Compose yourself, my poor child," he said, tenderly; "you are safe now with those who will never leave you till you are in your own house.

"You have now nothing to fear, Winifred."

The poor girl gazed wildly in his face, and asked, in a low, hoarse tone, "What did he say?"

"Nothing, dear girl, only wild ravings," he replied, evasively, for he dreaded a renewal of her long, dead swoon, or the wavering of the reason that seemed staggering on its throne.

"Do not heed him; he was angry, disappointed in his vile schemes.

"Only think with thankfulness that you have escaped his power."

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed; "I cannot escape.

"The consequences of my one sin are ever tormenting me, Mr. Thornton; you cannot deceive me.

"I heard it; he spoke of Evan—my—— Oh, Heavenly Father, forgive me! I had well nigh forgotten."

She stopped, but Mr. Thornton had caught the words, and his quick sense at once interpreted their meaning.

"Winifred Herbert," he said, solemnly, "I charge you, as God's minister, to answer truly, as you value the honor and soul's safety of others as well as your own, is Evan Lloyd, by the laws of God or man, your husband?"

Winifred did not reply, but the bowed head and expensive silence answered more completely than words.

"It is enough," he said. "I see it all now.

"Winifred, let us go. Trust me, I will do nothing rashly; but to the best of my poor ability will I act for your own and others' temporal and eternal welfare."

There was a winning yet dignified solemnity in his tone that Winifred involuntarily felt could not be resisted.

With a half-unconscious feeling of comparative safety, she allowed him to support her from the church.

A cab was quickly hailed by the pew opener, and in a few moments the sacred edifice, so lately the scene of such strange and stirring events and passions, was left to solitude and silence.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PAUL DE ST. HILAIRE sat in the luxurious library, which had been fitted up with far greater regard for the splendid tastes of his future brother-in-law than his own more simple ideas.

The old carved oak furniture, the magnificent statues and valuable cabinet pictures and elaborate collection of books, had all been chosen by himself without sparing either expense or trouble in its collection.

It was a room for an epicurean philosopher, full of gratification like for the senses and the intellect.

But he, to whom all this luxury was due, and to whom it rightfully belonged, was sadly and utterly unmindful of its beauty or its value.

The plainest room in a peasant's cottage would have brought as much pleasure and gratification to his sick heart as that beautiful apartment.

The very memories with which they were connected produced shudder as his eye fell on the familiar objects.

In any case, the letter he held in his hand would have chased away all rays of comfort and pleasure from his mind.

It was from Lucy, his bride, his scarcely wife, and it told of a resolution that at once brought increased love and increased wretchedness to his sad heart. It ran thus:—

"Paul, my beloved, be not angry when you read this; your own heart will tell you that the resolve I have taken is right. When I left you, dearest, one short hour after the solemn ceremony that bound me to you, in that wretched, fearful moment of horror I could not, dared not tell you what was in my heart.

"Paul, that parting must be—must be for ever, unless—no, I cannot say unless—I mean until Evan's innocence is proved. I will not bring shame and disgrace to your home, nor meet Laura's sad, reproachful look, and think that your fate and hers have been blighted by me and mine. Besides, she needs all your love, your care. Had the unhappy cause of her misery not been my brother, I should have deemed it my dearest privilege to share your care of her, and console her in her trouble with the fond tenderness of a sister.

"But, Paul, that cannot be now. The very sight of me would bring fresh agony to her heart, and you, dearest, could not fulfil your loving desire to comfort her in her heavy sorrow.

"And I, Paul, have a duty to perform. My poor mother needs all the love and tending her child can give, and I shall find strength in witnessing her stricken, patient grief.

"Yes, beloved, it must be so. Our paths in life, our duties are divided, and I dare not, must not indulge my deep yearnings to take my place at your side, and implore your forgiveness of my wretched brother, for your Lucy's sake.

"You will not doubt me, Paul—you know my deep, devoted love for you. I may tell you now, without a blush, how dear you are to me, for I am your wife, dear one, though it may be only to be so in name. God bless you, my precious one, my husband! Think tenderly and kindly of her whose prayers will be more fervent for you and yours than for her desolate self.

"LUCY."

It was no disparagement to Paul's manly courage that the tears stood in his dark eyes, and that his lips quivered, as he read and re-read this letter.

The spirit it showed was so completely kindred to his own that it only increased his fond value and admiration for the generous noble girl, who thus sacrificed all for duty and unselfish care for those dearest to her.

Had Paul been more selfish, more impetuous in his own temperament, he would have rebelled against Lucy's decisions, and rushed to claim his bride as his own, his rightful wife.

But his own heart told him that at the present moment she was right, and that duty to those yet more deeply stricken by the heavy trial that had fallen on them dictated the course she had taken.

Laura, his injured, desolate, stricken sister, claimed his every thought and care; and it was only his share of the burden to remain without the blessing of Lucy's presence in his house, till her future fate was in some measure decided, and her present stunning, bewildering grief, in some degree softened in its bitterness.

And Lady Lloyd, the gentle, enduring, self-sacrificing wife and mother—she, too, well merited the utmost devotion of her remaining child, in the heart-breaking sorrow and shame brought on her by her first-born and only son.

"But not for ever, my Lucy, not for ever," he thought.

"No, whatever betide, thou art a treasure to be prized and guarded with pride and tenderness.

"The deeper thy grief, the more cutting the world's scorn at the undeserved stain on thy name, the deeper shall be my love and devotion.

"God can bring all things to pass, if we trust in Him, and to Him, in this dark hour will we commit our way."

He took up a pen to convey to his bride some idea of the love and sympathy that filled his noble heart, when a loud knock at the street door startled him from his purpose.

It was so startling at that hour of anxiety and nervous alarm to hear even that common sound, that it brought the blood to his dark cheek, and he dropped his pen and listened in silent alarm for the approach of the expected summons to a visitor.

"But none came, and he rang his bell to inquire the cause of the loud summons.

"It is a gentleman, sir, for Miss Laura," said the old servant who answered the bell.

"For my sister? Is he gone?" inquired Paul in some trepidation, for the idea of Evan's possible escape or enlargement on bail occurred to him with painful force.

"No, sir," was the reply; "he is with her in her boudoir."

"In her boudoir—with Miss Laura! "Armand, is it—who is it?" he gasped out.

"Not Mr. Lloyd, sir," said the sympathising domestic, who had a shrewder notion of the state of things than the less old and confidential servants of the family.

"It is a gentleman who sent in his card to Miss Laura, and said he must see her on business that was of great importance, and she ordered him to be admitted.

"It was Ernestine who took in the card, sir; therefore I cannot say what was the name."

Paul made no remark, but dismissed the worthy old man with a kindly gesture, and then he sat for a few minutes, debating with himself what course he should take.

Should he go to Laura and see who was the mysterious visitor, and aid her in the important business which had induced her to admit a stranger in that hour of distress.

Would it be an unwarrantable intrusion, betraying suspicion alike of his sister's judgment and propriety, as well as of her confidence in him?

There had ever been a latent pride and strength of will in Laura's character, which had been only preserved from a dangerous assertion of liberty by Paul's firm, but gentle treatment, and the girl's own warm attachment to her brother.

Still, it had so far acted on the domestic habits of the brother and sister as to secure a degree of independence of action to the young French heiress, unusual in any country, and especially so in her own land.

And thus, even in this critical moment, Paul shrank from intruding unasked on his sister's mysterious interview.

After a brief hesitation, resumed the pen which he had taken up, and wrote the warm gushing outpouring of his deep love and confidence, and unwavering loyalty to the beautiful girl he had taken to his heart.

And while he thus filled up the tedious interval of suspense, what was passing in Laura's beautiful boudoir?

The bride, wife, and widow—for such she might be called—sat there in her desolateness on that gloomy morning, beautiful even in her pale, wan humility, perhaps more touchingly lovely in the sadness and bowed meekness of her attitude of expression than in her proudest and most dazzling beauty.

She had begged to be alone as the only boon, the only consolation left to her.

She could only sit mute and motionless at present, bearing her load of grief as she could, striving with herself under the aggravated and self-accusing thoughts which mingled with her visible trial.

In the terrible calamity her own feelings were a source of less endurable agony: she felt unnatural, base, and selfish; treacherous to her vows, to herself, and even to the wretched criminal himself; but still she could not conceal from herself the terrible revulsion which the sudden catastrophe had made in her whole sentiment towards Evan her husband!

She had adored, idolised, nay even, worshipped the lover of her own enthusiastic, glowing fancy; but now, when shame, guilt, and calamity was on his head, she shrank from him with a horror—a repulsion for which she hated herself, but could not overcome.

"Is it possible that I am so base, so mean, as to desert him in the very hour when he needs me most?" she murmured.

"And yet, how I loved him—how I love him still—the Evan of my soul's idolatry! —the noble, lofty image I had set up. Heaven knows how its fall has left me desolate; and yet, as he is, I cannot cling to him as a wife, a loving woman should. Oh, Laura de St. Hilaire, are you indeed so hatefully lost to duty and to generosity? And yet I would have followed him to exile, begged with him, died with him, had he but been innocent.

"It is not sorrow, adversity, that makes me feel such loathing at the idea of bearing his name, of being his wife.

"And there have been women who only clung closer to their husbands in such circumstances; they were better and nobler than I am.

"Heaven help me to do my duty, and conquer this sinful, wicked hardness of heart."

Laura might perhaps have reproached herself less bitterly had she guessed the true, though unconscious reason of her sudden repugnance to the man she had so idolized.

Had Evan truly loved her, clung to her, felt for her, as Paul did for Lucy, then Laura, in her devoted unselfishness, would have loved him in prison, yea, even in death.

But, though she knew it not, there was a secret freemasonry which acted on her own heart, from the treachery and indifference of his own.

The man and his affection for herself had been, in truth, but brilliant, dazzling deceptions, to which her own enthusiasm and elevation of character had lent the nobleness and depth, which were but imperfect reflections of her own high qualities.

"I will go to him—I must—I will conquer this unnatural horror," she said, suddenly rising.

"Paul will consent; for Lucy's sake he will; and then he is so noble, so true to duty, he will not prevent my doing mine."

The noble girl rose, and steadying her trembling limbs, which failed her as if after some long, weakening sickness, she began to move slowly towards the door, when the same loud summons for admittance that had startled Paul from his writing made her poor heart bound, and forced her to sit down again on the nearest chair, pale and expectant of some new calamity.

Presently the door opened, and her faithful Ernestine gently entered.

"My dear young lady," she said, "can you see any one?

"There is a gentleman begs earnestly for admittance to you."

"No, no, I cannot," replied Laura; "how can you ask me, Ernestine?"

"He said it was on your affairs—for your sake, dear lady," resumed the attendant.

"Will you look at the name, and then say whether you should reject his earnest wish for an interview."

Laura cast a cold, languid glance at the card, rather to oblige the faithful creature who had nursed her infancy, than from the faintest idea that she could endure the presence of any human being at that moment.

The name was perhaps the only one that could have awakened the slightest spark of interest or one instant's hesitation in rejecting the request of her unwelcome visitor.

But it was connected with the brightest, happiest days of her life, with her escape from death, and with a sorrow not altogether unlike her own.

Moreover, Laura knew well the refined, considerate, unobtrusive character of him who now begged for admittance in her hour of sorrow, and felt that he must indeed have some weighty reason for thus intruding on her privacy.

"Does he know I am ill, Ernestine?" said Laura.

"He does, my dear lady," replied the attendant; "for he said very gently, 'Tell your mistress I know she is ill and sorrowful, but I must entreat her to believe I would not force myself on her at such a time but for her own sake.

"He looks good, and gentle, and sad, dear young lady; do see him; he may bring you comfort."

Laura shook her head despairingly, but she did not repeat her refusal, and the faithful servant accepted the silent acquiescence as a command to bring the gentleman to the boudoir.

Laura was hardly conscious of the slight delay in ushering the guest to her presence still less did she remark that he was brought through the suite of rooms adjoining the boudoir, instead of by the door communicating with the corridor.

And still less yet was she likely to observe the care with which the door was closed behind Charles Thornton, ere she could have had a glimpse of the room beyond, had she been inclined to gaze into its recesses.

"Mr. Thornton," she said, sadly, extending her hand to him as he advanced towards her, "I must beg you to make your visit a brief one.

"I am in heavy sorrow, and you are perhaps the only person I would have seen this day."

"And believe me, my dear young lady, nothing but regard for your welfare, and a hope that I might bring some relief to your heavy trial, or at the least, do justice to you, and to another equally unhappy, equally worthy of sympathy with yourself, has brought me hither.

"Will you trust me, and try to listen to me bravely, for I must, I fear, inflict pain, and tell you strange and perhaps wounding facts.

"I know you to possess a noble nature, therefore summon your strength to meet what is before you, or rather, ask for strength from Him whose servant I am, and He will support you in your most overwhelming woe."

There was a calm, grave, quiet tenderness in the young pastor's tone and look and words that involuntarily fascinated Laura's attention, and brought a kind of composure, a quietness to her storm-tossed heart.

Charles Thornton had always the faculty of winning confidence, and drawing the weak and sorrowing to rest on him, or rather on Him he served, which had often stilled passionate grief, and brought patience and resolution to the sinking heart.

"May I venture to speak of what must be so terribly painful to you, but the real circumstances of which I know, even better than yourself, and will you forget for the time that I am anything but your true friend, and an ordained minister of God?" he said, sitting down by her on the couch where she had placed herself on his entrance.

"I trust you," she replied, sadly, and with bowed head.

"You will not torture me unnecessarily, and there is little more to suffer now in this life.

"Surely I have endured the worst that can befall me; yes, no, not yet, not yet," she said, shudderingly.

Mr. Thornton guessed too well to what she alluded, and hastened to clean her mind from the wretched idea that had seize it.

"Will you think me cruelly impertinent, my dear lady, if I ask you one question," he said, "a question which may in some measure prepare you for what I have to communicate to you?

"Believe me, it is from no idle and unwarrantable curiosity that I venture to pry into such sacred feelings."

She looked fearfully in his face.

There was such noble sincerity and true sympathy in its expression, that she might trust him not to say one word that was unnecessarily painful or intrusive on her inmost and hidden feelings.

"I can, I do trust you," she said.

"Whatever I may say, I will do justice to your motives in every word you speak.

"Only, please be brief; I am sadly weak this morning."

"I dare hardly touch on what has just occurred," he began, hesitatingly; "but, my dear lady, there is another who has suffered as deeply, and longer than you have done, and who may perhaps render you a service which you can, and which I have no doubt you will, gladly repay.

"My question refers to her; to one long-suffering, deeply injured, yet loving and forgiving, as only woman can be.

"Think—pardon the supposition, whether if it were possible that this dear, unhappy girl could take your place, with its load of suffering and shame, and be relieved from a disgrace yet harder for one of your sex to bear, could you be so brave, so just and reasonable, as to acknowledge that in some measure you might benefit by her melancholy assertion of her rights?"

Laura had gazed on the clergyman as he spoke with an eager, terrified gaze.

Her large eyes dilated and her lips parted as if to drink in the words more rapidly than he dared to speak them, and when he paused for a moment to receive her reply, her voice was husky, and her tongue was too parched to form the words articulately, as she answered, in broken sentences, "Tell me the truth, all the truth; I will try."

"I will bring one who can tell you better than I can, dearest Laura," said the clergyman, unconsciously using the familiar, tender tone of a brother, "and oh, remember that there is One who ordains all things for our good, and who knows our path when the spirit is overwhelmed and fearful in the gloomy darkness.

"Try to trust Him in your hour of extreme need."

Laura bowed her head meekly.

Mr. Thornton rose, and crossing the room opened the door which communicated with the adjoining apartment, while her eyes followed him like one fascinated and motionless in a vivid and wretched dream.

She felt that some fresh blow was about to fall on her, some dreadful revelation of unsuspected treachery or crime, and there she sat, quietly awaiting her fate, with the patient courage of despair.

She heard a murmur of voices in the adjoining room, a female voice softly pleading, and then Mr. Thornton's gentle, manly tones, encouraging and half-chiding, as he evidently drew the new intruder on her privacy towards the open door.

The steps approached.

Her eyes were larger and more brilliant from feverish excitement than even their natural appearance; then the blood rushed to her white cheeks, and her dark eyes flashed angrily with jealous anger and surprise, as they rested on the beautiful but trembling form that Mr. Thornton slowly led into her presence.

"Winifred Herbert!" she exclaimed, "you here!"

"Yes, lady, I am," replied Winifred, in so sad a tone that Laura's heart softened at the sound.

They stood in silence, looking at each other until both grew sick with suspense and dread.

"You wish to speak with me—you have—have something to say?" faltered Laura, tremblingly.

"Yes," said Winifred, "I am come on purpose; but now it seems as if I were walking in a dream."

"Well," said Laura, faintly, you are here. You have a right to say anything to me, no matter how cruel it is. You saved my life, Winifred Herbert, and it belongs to you, speak—I am only a coward in one thing."

"And I in everything," murmured Winifred.

"No, no, Winifred Herbert, you are an angel," said Laura; "would I were like you. But I cannot talk of such things now. Bid her speak, Mr. Thornton; this silence maddens me."

"She is right, Winifred," said he. "You are only adding to the torture of both; speak, my child; and may God sustain her and you!"

The difference in the reverend gentleman's manner to the two beautiful girls was strange.

To one—fraternal, protecting, and commanding.

To the other—tender, admiring, and respectful.

In any other circumstance it might even be called lover-like.

"Lady," began Winifred, "you are noble, rich and beautiful; I am poor and humble; and yet the greatest sorrow and disgrace have come on you as on me. I can take from you the disgrace, though not the sorrow."

Laura stared.

"Can you not divine what I would say? Evan, your husband—no, no, I will not torture you; if you could but spare me from speaking the words."

"Go on," said Laura.

"Evan Lloyd is my husband."

"Your husband!"

"Yes," said Winifred, trying to appear calm.

"Oh, tell me all!" exclaimed Laura, springing to her feet.

"Ask him," said Winifred, looking at Mr. Thornton.

"Ask him?" repeated Laura; "no, no; tell me,—does he—did Evan send you to me—me whom you have so cruelly wronged?" she cried, in her excitement.

"No, lady, I have not wronged him or you," said Winifred. "He loved me—at least, I thought so, long before he ever saw you."

"He loved you!"

"Yes," said Winifred, "he loved me; Heaven help me!"

"And I—I——," exclaimed Laura, choking in the vehemence of her passion and shame.

"Be appeased," said Winifred, sadly: "he does not love me now, or why that ring on your finger? See, here is mine! it has never left me!"

Laura gazed on the slender circlet, tore her own from her finger, and, dashing it on the floor, stamped her foot passionately upon its fragile circle.

"Laura," said Mr. Thornton, gently, "think of what this gentle child has borne so uncomplainingly, so nobly. She would have borne her grief and shame in silence, but for what has happened.

"And now, when it is disgrace and misery to bear his name, and when to assert her own lawful rights will free you from a heavy chain, and her to perform her duties and share his wretchedness, she comes to take your burden from you.

"Will you, so noble, so strong as you are, let this poor girl surpass you in generosity and self-sacrifice?"

Mr. Thornton had struck the right chord.

"Winifred," said Laura, humbly, "you are far better than I am. I am not worthy of the life you gave me; but, oh! this is worse to bear than death itself.

"Oh, Evan, Evan, your unworthiness has seared and scorched up every good and generous feeling in my heart, and left it dead, hard and wicked."

"No, no, sweet lady," said Winfred, casting her arms round her knees, as she stood, cold and shivering with her desolation. "It is all new and terrible to you now, lady; but you will learn to thank God, as I do, that your beautiful, glorious life is not blighted with such a hopeless curse as mine has been."

She stopped for a moment, as in thought, and then continued:

"Listen, lady. Evan and I knew each other from infancy, and I loved him long, long before I knew what real love was; and when he told me that I was as dear to him as he was to me, and offered, entreated to secure me to himself, I was too weak to resist.

"How could I refuse when even you—noble, and beautiful, and strong, yielded to his power, and consented to be his wife?"

"And you, you could—" said Laura. "O, Winifred, I should have died rather than ——"

"Than what?" said the girl, with a quiet, reproachful dignity, that was more impressive than louder indignation. "I consented to be his wife, though in secret, and that was all my crime, though it has been bitterly punished."

"Then he never loved me!" said Laura, in a tone of such hopeless anguish that Winifred, in her gentle, unselfish patience, would have gone away, with her innocent shame and sorrow, if she could have restored happiness and honor to that noble creature and the man she still dearly loved.

"Dear lady, he did, he must have loved you, or why did he risk honor and safety for your sake?" said Winifred, in her innocent mindfulness of worldly considerations."

"But you—why did you suffer such wrong, such dishonor, to us both?" said Laura, shuddering.

Winifred's strength was failing her, and she looked appealing to Mr. Thornton for help.

"Miss de St. Hilaire," he said, "will you allow this poor girl to rest in the adjoining room, while I explain to you more fully all that has been told?"

Laura bowed.

"Believe me, she has done wrong only in her too great unselfishness and self-sacrifice, and but for the villainy of others she would have hidden herself and her wrongs silently and meekly, till she and they were buried in the grave."

"I believe it, Mr. Thornton—I know it," replied Laura, with a calmness mournful in the extreme.

And then the grandeur of her noble nature began to reveal itself.

"Come, Winifred," she said; "whatever betide, from this hour we shall be as sisters. Mr. Thornton, from my heart I thank you; you have saved me from myself. I will return ere long."

Without another word of explanation, she led the pale and exhausted Winifred from the room.

The door closed behind them, and Mr. Thornton was left in wondering admiration of the lofty generosity and self-control of her spirit.

It was akin to, but more enthusiastic than his own, and therefore more winningly attractive to him.

"I could almost pardon Evan Lloyd for yielding to the attractions of that splendid creature," he thought, "if it had not been for baser motives.

"She is a noble woman, and, at any cost, well worth saving from disgrace; and if I can restore that sweet child to honor and friends, if not to happiness at the same moment, I shall not have lived in vain, lonely and unloved as I am. And then—what then?"

Charles Thornton fell into a fit of thought, and was scarcely conscious of the lapse of time till the door opened.

Laura and her brother entered the room together.

But her elevated, supernatural strength seemed gone.

Laura looked wan and suffering, and Paul's arm tenderly supported her, who, but now, had given support and comfort to another.

"Mr. Thornton," she said, "I have told my brother all, and now we are ready to listen to you. Please do not veil anything; I can bear it."

The brother and sister sat down on that couch, as they had often sat before, the girl leaning on his strong, noble nature for support.

And Mr. Thornton began his story, which, ere long, will be revealed.

CHAPTER XLV.

MISERABLE, and with a bitter consciousness of guilt, Evan Lloyd sat alone in his gloomy, solitary prison-room.

A public trial had not yet indeed decided his fate, but his own keen intellect, as well as his conscience, told him that he had little chance of proving his innocence of either of the heavy crimes laid to his charge.

And other and yet more dishonorable, heartless deeds were on his heart—the cruel desertion of one lovely, trusting, and helpless, and the foul wrong to the noble, generous girl who flung all her great gifts of nature and fortune at his feet, only asking in return his love and faith.

They were bitter memories, worse than the more open and dangerous deeds with which he was charged, and Evan's hard sullen nature seemed yet fiercer and more unyielding under the dreadful burden that pressed on him.

There was little softness, little penitense in his haggard face, but rather a desperate strong resolve to endure the torture, which derived even more strength from the very intensity and hardness of the victim of its agonies.

"I am rightly punished by her," he murmured, as his eyes fell on a ring given him by Laura, which was on his finger when arrested on the wedding morn; "but yet, she would tempt me to my ruin and her own.

"She flung her whole heart into my grasp, and I should have been more than man to refuse to take it and hold it for my own advantage.

"Poor Winifred! poor child! she would have clung to me on the very scaffold, but the Fates were against me. No one but an anchorite could have resisted such temptation, when only love stood in the way.

"Well, well, she is avenged; only, I should like her to know that——"

The door opened—the jailor entered.

"Friends to see you, sir," said he; "only half an hour before the time's up, sir, but I'll be as liberal as I can, to a gentleman like you, sir."

The man retired, and two female figures, hand in hand, entered the room, followed by two men, who kept still in the obscurity of the twilight at a distance from the window.

Evan looked up in bewildered amazement as they advanced towards him, and the taller one lifting her veil, revealed the white but composed features of Laura de St. Hilaire.

"Evan Lloyd," she said, in a low, clear voice "I have brought to you your wife, and demand in her name and my own that you should do her justice, and such poor reparation as you can now make for her wrongs, I say nothing of my own."

In spite of her trembling, shrinking timidity, she drew Winifred forward, and took the thick covering from her fair head.

"Evan," she continued, "look on this fair creature, and acknowledge her as your lawful wife, so shall one crime less be on your conscience in your last hour."

For a moment, Evan's heart had softened at the sight of the only woman he had ever loved; but the demon, pride, which had been his curse through life, would scarcely abandon its grasp so easily.

"I understand you, madam," he said, haughtily. "The man to whom, in his prosperity and pride, you willingly, gladly gave your hand, you would now seek to discard and disown. You cast off your sworn vows at the first accusation of a jealous girl."

"Peace, Evan Lloyd," said Laura, almost sternly. "It is for you to speak of vows broken and cast under foot—you who have trampled on the dearest and most sacred oath ever taken by man? Thank Heaven, as I do, that the threefold sacrifice was not completed beyond redemption. Your sin has already cost the life of your unborn, innocent child. Be thankful that you have not the mother's death at your door."

Evan shuddered involuntarily, though he repressed the emotion with a strong will.

"Hush! hush! Laura," murmured Winifred. "It was my fault, my grevious fault. I threw him into temptation by consenting to marry him secretly. He saw you, the true partner for him, and no wonder that he loved you. Would that I could have died, and thus prevented his sin!"

Evan looked looked at the sweet, earnest, meek face, with its world of tender, loving forgiveness and affection, and then at Laura's calm, proud, mournful features, and his long, hard, self-reticence gave away.

"Winifred, my poor, injured love!" he said, "can you pardon the wrong I have done you? Alas! alas! it is you, and not this haughty girl, whom I have wronged; and yet it was you only that I have loved."

Winifred's pale features brightened for a moment, and she looked fearfully at Laura.

"Is it so?" she asked. "Was it not love? Was that all mine—mine? Poor Laura!" she added, and her little hand clung closer to the brave young French girl. But Laura bore all bravely.

"Is it so? I also demand," said Laura. "I charge you, Evan, as you hope for mercy in this world or the next, speak truly. Did you, do you love this young girl truly, in your heart, as your wedded wife should be loved? And would you now, were it in your power, do her the justice she claims at your hands?"

For a moment the old spirit came into Evan's eyes: but Winifred suddenly drew her hand from Laura's arm, and threw herself on his bosom.

"Evan, Evan, do not, believe your heart!" she cried. "I see, I know now that you love me, and I can forgive all. It was I who erred most—I who deserve punishment."

The power of that love, humility, and devotion, was irresistible. Evan clasped her to his heart, and the tears dropped on her cheek.

"Alas, my poor girl, it is too late!" said he. "I deceived you, and now I am powerless to repair the evil. I am the husband of another—of one who scorns and deserts me."

"Not so, Evan," said Laura, and her voice had a clear sweetness in its tone that carried strange power with it. "So far as duty will permit, I would bring you peace. Mr. Thornton," said she, turning; and one of the gentlemen who had been standing apart, came forward.

"Miss de St. Hilaire is right, Evan," said the clergyman. "In the sight of God and man, Winifred Herbert is your lawful wife; and I trust soon to place it beyond the least chance of legal doubt. The unhappy man who performed the ceremony was, though you knew it not, an ordained priest, and there will be little difficulty, I hope, in producing the certificate of the marriage. Your union, therefore, with Miss de St. Hiliare is null and void."

Evan gazed at the young clergyman in blank and uncomprehending incredulity.

"Alas, alas! you must be deceived!" he said, "Mr. Allnutt never had a chance of being ordained; he was only a tutor in an orphan school, after we parted at college."

"True," said Mr. Thornton; "but that tutorship confers a title to orders, of which he availed himself, and by God's mercy spared you another great sin, and three innocent persons shame and misery."

Evan was silent for a moment, and then he covered his face with his hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers.

"My God, I thank Thee!" burst from his lips. It was the first acknowledgment of the Almighty's power and goodness that had escaped him for many a year.

"Winifred, my poor, devoted wife! Let the worst come now," he said; "they cannot take thee from me now."

"And you really, really love me?" whispered the young girl, clinging to him convulsively, "and you are willing to own me before the world?"

"Alas, Winifred! it is for you to disown me, the wretched prisoner," said Evan. "Laura de St. Hilaire, you must be able almost to pardon me, now that you have escaped being a felon's wife."

"Evan," she said, "from my heart I forgive you; but you little know Laura de St. Hilaire, if you think she would have shrunk from disgrace or poverty for your sake, had you been innocent. Do you think I would have brought this dear girl to your side had not my hard, resentful feeling passed away? May God pardon you as I do—as we do. Is it not so, Paul?"

Paul stepped forward; his noble countenance was grave to sternness, but there was no passion nor sullen resentment in his features.

"Evan," said he, "you have brought woe on many,—woe that can scarcely pass from any of us; but for the sake of the dear, innocent ones that unite us; and by God's good help, I too, can forgive the evil you have done, and pray that you may be proved innocent of the crimes with which you are charged." Then he turned to his sister, and he saw that her firmness was fast giving way. "Come, Laura, my dearest, let us go," he said; "our mission is ended."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHICH WINS?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SECOND SELF," "A SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "A PRINCE IN DISGUISE," "RED RIDING HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

IT is not altogether easy to efface oneself gracefully; Geoff did the best he could, but his effort was perfectly visible to Miss Malet's unobtrusively watchful eyes.

Those grey-green orbs looked up very sweetly and sympathetically into his, when presently Mr. Bisset went and sat down beside their owner and began to talk to her, or rather let her talk to him.

Celia prattled on very prettily, with no sign of pique; she was always amiable and sweet, and she did not belie her character now, though the conduct of the young man beside her must have made it difficult to sustain it.

He sat gloomily pulling his moustache, answering half at random, with unconscious sighs between, and got up with suspicious eagerness, when his hostess had made tea, to hand round the rich colored Worcester cups and well-filled cake-basket.

Mr. Palliser was not the sort of person whom one could imagine bestirring himself to perform such an office if there were any one else on hand to do it for him.

He was a slim, quiet keen-looking man of about four-and-thirty, who looked ten years Geoffrey Bisset's senior, and was, in reality, five.

He was a barrister creeping gradually into notice, a rising man, Mr. Fletcher declared; a hard working one too, for he had undermined his health with study, and had come down to Wyfford to recruit.

Geoffrey Bisset was more than half-inclined to repent now of his too-urgent hospitality.

If he had guessed the charm that quiet countryside would so soon come to have for him, and that Raymond's black eyes and lantern jaws would prove metal more attractive to Augustine Leigh than his own blonde Saxon beauty—why, he would have let Palliser try Torquay or Shanklin as he proposed doing—that was all!

He wouldn't have been so pressing in inviting him to Wyfford for the express purpose, as after events made appear, of cutting him—Geoffrey—out.

He wouldn't mind so much if Ray had been the sort of fellow to make that splendid girl happy; but he wasn't.

He was wrapped up in his books, and in the notion of making a name for himself and wearing judicial ermine, and cutting a figure in the world; he would be fighting in the law-courts all day, and would shunt his wife into the after-dinner hours, which she would share with his Coke and Blackstone.

He could only give Augustine Leigh the half of a heart at best; and the niggard gift was taken, while the generous one was left!

Poor Geoff thought the world seemed sadly out of joint, as he went about gravely with his cakes and tea-cups; sword or gun, or even hunting-whip, would have looked vastly more natural in his strong brown hand, Celia fancied, as she took the brittle porcelain out of it, and smiled up into his sober eyes.

Geoff found a smile somewhere to answer hers; he liked little Celia, who was always so gentle and sweet with him, who had such a charming helpless way of appealing to and leaning on him; he had offered Augustine a great rueful sigh by way of accompaniment to her orange-pekoe and plum-cake.

How on earth did that fellow manage to get on with her as he did?—like a house on fire was the simile Geoff used.

Was it simply native audacity, or had the fact of his grand-father's being a Frenchman anything to do with his success?

Making talk and paying compliments, and that, were like second nature to a Frenchman, everybody knew—at least, Geoff thought they did.

But Mr. Palliser was not paying compliments.

He had a keen instinct as to the sort of mental food best suited to Augustine Leigh's palate, and would never have dreamt of offering her the frothy drinks and honeyed confections which form the staple nourishment of society's butterflies.

In her broad temples and deep-set eyes he read the index of a vigorous mind, and a common love of literature made much of the bond between them.

"I am so glad you were pleased with the books," he was saying now, leaning forward in his chair, both slim student-like hands clasped before him, looking up with his keen dark eyes into Augustine's clear large violet ones—that confidential attitude was a thorn in the side of Geoff. "You didn't find them too heavy, I hope?"

"Not in the least. I enjoyed Froude's 'Short Studies' so much! Isn't that paper on Saint Hugh of Lincoln charming? One doesn't know what to do over it—whether to laugh or cry."

Mr. Pallister smiled.

"And 'Romola'? You got that? How did you like it?"

"Not so much as George Eliot's others, I think," Augustine said hesitatingly "I thought it wonderfully clever; but a little pedantic. I suppose it could scarcely help seeming like that—it is so awfully learned; but it did seem like it to me. Are you shocked at my heresies, Mr. Palliser?"—with a sudden smiling glance out of those blue bewildering eyes.

"I am not easily shocked, Miss Leigh, and rather enjoy hearing heresy preached by people who have opinions, and the courage of them. So you dont like 'Romola'? Then let me tell you a secret—neither do I! Now tell me which of George Eliot's you do like."

"Oh, almost all the rest, I think!" she answered, laughing. "My favorites, I believe, are 'Scenes of Clerical Life', 'Silas Marner', and 'Middlemarch.'"

"Very odd! Those are my favorites too," Raymond Pallister said gravely. "How curiously identical our tastes are, Miss Leigh!"

"Very!" she said, smiling, the fresh color deepening in her cheeks. "Only in books, though, I think. I would never let my tea stand like that, getting stone-cold at my elbow—I am very fond of tea."

"So am I," the barrister asserted hastily, taking up the forgotten cup. "But I've too much regard for the enamel of my teeth and the coats of my stomach to drink it boiling hot."

"Those things will have to go by the board with me then," Augustine said, laughing, and shaking her bronze dusky head. "I couldn't drink it cold."

"May I take your cup," Geoff inquired, suddenly presenting himself before her, and looking at her with wistful eyes.

It was another picture for Augustine to hang up in the gallery of memory; a picture all reddened by the sunrays which streamed through this window where she sat, touching Raymond Palliser's pale face with their glowing pencil and catching the side of Geoff's golden head—sparkling in the old china and silver, throwing a warm reflection on Mrs. Fletcher's snowy cap, lighting Celia's delicate cheek beyond.

Miss Malet had taken a dainty little watch from her side, and turned its shining face to her.

"Austine, dear, it is growing frightfully late!" she exclaimed in alarm. "We had better see about getting home."

"My dear child, there's no hurry!" Mrs. Fletcher protested. "That short cut through Thorney Wood will take you home in twenty minutes. Stay a little longer."

"But, dear Mrs. Fletcher, we couldn't think of going through the wood at this hour," Celia said, looking up, with her innocent soft and wondering eyes. She looked absurdly young for a woman of five-and-twenty, no one would think her to be four years her cousin's senior. "And it's so much longer by the road."

"Then these two lazy men can be pressed into service," Mrs. Fletcher declared good-humoredly. "Are you ready to play escort to these young ladies, Geoff?"

"If the ladies will have me," the young fellow answered, forcing a rather rueful smile.

It caught Mrs. Fletchers's eye, not usually observant, and made her feel uncomfortably guilty.

Geoffrey Bisset had been a prime favorite with her for a good many years now, since the death of his parents, when he was a lad at school, and, owing to the absence from England of his only near relatives, the duty had devolved upon his father's lawyer and the agent of his property of receiving the boy during his vacations, and the lawyer's wife had found a vent in him for some of that pent-up motherliness which she could not pour out on children of her own.

She was "very fond" of Geoff, Mrs. Fletcher said—she meant only the truest kindness to him by bringing him thus into contact with the most charming girl she knew; but she began to see dimly now that she had done him a grevious injury, and to be a little frightened at the possible results of her manœuvring.

Hearts were not billiard-balls to be shot hither and thither at random or the will of an unskilful player; and it seemed as if there would be a heavy reckoning to pay for those that went into the wrong pocket.

Susan Fletcher's quaked within her as she looked at Geoff's face.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY sauntered homeward through the wood, the two girls and the two young men.

There was no need for hurry; it was not yet six of the late May evening, bright, though cool, and the dinner-hour at Thorneymede was seven.

Two of the party felt no desire for haste, and the other two were as little inclined to walk quickly on and leave the laggards to their own devices.

It is a very high nature that does not feel the stings of jealousy, and both Celia and Geoff were deeming themselves particularly ill-used by fate just now; perhaps the gentleman felt the more deeply on the subject, but the lady, certainly, the more bitterly.

Could not Austine have been content with one?

Celia was speculating, with a sense of sourness in her mind which none could have guessed the existence of, from a glance at the soft sweetness of her rounded-baby face.

She felt as if she could have kicked and scratched, baby-fashion, as she walked sedately along, with a face of unmoved tranquility and a brain full of angry thoughts.

But she would have brightened like a flower in the sun, and smiled and chatted gaily, if Geoff had chosen to talk to her, to win her to talk to him.

Only Geoff did not choose. Poor fellow! His heart was altogether too sore to enjoy such diversion as Miss Malet could offer; he had found love by far too great and terrible a thing for him to dare endeavor to play at it; and he had an indistinct idea that any attempt at special friendliness to Celia would inevitably drift that way.

She was such a soft caressing little creature, one could scarce help treating her with the tenderness one might show to a pretty child.

That would not be fair to Celia, and it would be degrading to himself, Geoff thought, when every ache in his big soft heart was for another woman.

No he kept his feet circumspectly out of the silken snare, and strolled on silently, stride, and swift, enforced returning to that calm-seeming saunter.

with occasional breaking into a big restless

And Celia stepped beside him, demure and dainty, with a bitter sense of wrong and helplessness surging under her outward quiet.

It seemed such a woeful waste of good material, this long silent walk.

In other circumstances—circumstances that might so easily have been—what a path of paradise this sylvan ride might seem!

The sun had gone down, little airs, coolly sweet, blew in their faces as they walked along, the trees stood out in an olive darkness against the primrose sky.

The country toward the west was flat, and along the horizon there burned the last glory of the sunset, a line of ruddy amber that melted upward into daffodil, which merged in turn into a tender apple-green.

The dark stems of the trees were brought up sharply by this brightness; a faint reflection of it, a sort of gold-green glow, shone in among them, and lighted the cool emerald of the path.

Overhead was "the green sea of leaf and bough," the cooing of wood-pigeons in chorus, the solo singing of a thrush, detached sweet dropping notes, the mellow whistle of a blackbird piping to his mate.

A paradise for lovers!

"How charmingly pretty are these quiet country nooks!" Mr. Palliser had exclaimed, when they plunged first into this possible glimpse of Eden.

"Look at those slanting sunrays gleaming across the beech-trunks, and turning the red earth about the roots to fire.

"Don't they justify the ancients in their fancy concerning Phœbus's golden arrows?

"I feel ten years younger, I think, for these four months' rustication.

"I didn't think it was in me to be so happy, 'far from the madding crowd,' the din of battle, the dust of the arena."

"You are so fond—of your town life?" Augustine questioned, with a sudden chill misgiving.

Mr. Palliser laughed slightly; he had a low clear laugh, with little sound of mirth in it.

"I may say so with truth; for my work is my life, and the only thing I have to love."

"A poor thing to love, for it can never return your affection," Augustine said gravely.

"But it may bestow affection vicariously," Mr. Palliser observed smiling. "Honest work is seldom an ungrateful mistress to serve—when one serves her well.

"One risks her favor, though, by dropping out of her train, even for a little while—it's time for me to see about getting back into harness."

The trees seemed to surge and sway for a moment before Augustine Leigh's eyes; a sudden darkness fell upon the sunlit evening wood.

"Does that mean that you are—going away?" she heard herself say slowly, in a strange hard voice.

Something in the sound of it seemed to fall like a spark upon Raymond Palliser's heart, and kindle it into flame—a weak, wavering, late-lighted one, but a touch of the true fire nevertheless.

For the moment, he forgot prudence, calculation, common-sense.

A longing eagerness was in his gesture as he leaned forward to gaze into the girl's averted stricken face—a thrill of genuine passion was in his voice as he spoke.

"Do you care?" he asked, in a breathless hurried whisper, every syllable of which was curiously distinct.

"Augustine, do you care?"

She turned her pale face slowly towards him, compelled by that unwonted strange insistence in his voice and manner.

Then, as their eyes met, a sudden light and glory broke over it like a reflection of that sunset splendor in the west—the pallor warmed into damask blushes, the violet eyes melted, filled—the red lips parted in a smile, and softly murmured—

"Yes!"

It was a moment of moments, which came and went.

They had loitered, with some indistinct pretence of looking at the sunset, till the pair in front had got quite a considerable ahead.

They walked on again now, loathfully, lingeringly, now so eager to break the spell which seemed to hold them to this enchanted spot.

Augustine knew nothing of life but what she had learned from the best novels carefully selected by Mrs. Baldwin for her reading, and she had chosen, in her young enthusiasm, to deck this keen, clever, worldly-minded lawyer with the reputed qualities of a flesh-and-blood Guy Darrell.

If Mr. Palliser had been a less habitually self-absorbed man, he would have seen this and shrunk from the probable result, the swift evanishment of such an idea before the face of fact.

The very newness, the unexpected strength of his own sensations drew all his thoughts within.

He was recognizing, with a sort of complacent wonder, the fact that he was in love.

He was congratulating himself upon it, with a well-founded belief that, when it is advisable to marry a certain woman, it is a decided advantage to be really enamored of her.

Augustine Leigh was, in herself, the most attractive girl he had ever met.

Her prospective dower was, to say the least of it, attractive too.

Raymond Palliser had no consciousness of a mercenary bias in his mind as he thus speculated upon the probable worth in wealth of this woman whom he loved so much.

He had that sort of cool confidence in himself which goes with a certain sort of hard-headed cleverness.

He saw his way clearly enough before him, and told himself that, backed by Anthony Leigh's thousands, he could raise his wife to a position which would give her a fair return for her money.

Only—the thought would present itself—Anthony Leigh might not see the matter from this point of view.

It was an unpleasant thought, and he rushed into speech as a way of escape from it.

"I must see your father to-morrow, Augustine," he said meeting her glance with a smile.

"I have to ask his treasure from him. Will he be loath to part with it, do you think?"

Augustine smiled in answer, a smile half-mischievous, half sad.

This mention of her father was the first cloudlet that had come on the sky of her wide felicity.

"I think he'll be glad," she said slowly; "only, if he guesses it will make me so, he will not be pleased.

"Do you know, Raymond—I've never been able to find out why—but I think, for some reason or other, my father hates me."

"My dear child!" he remonstrated gravely.

"It is true," she persisted, with a little flash in her clear eyes.

"He is not fond of any one; he likes Celia, I believe, but he is not fond of her; but there's no one in the world whom he dislikes as much as me.

"I have always done everything he desired me; once even, when Mrs. Baldwin came, I tried to love him; but that died out soon.

"Love must have something to feed on, and, in all my life, he has never given me one kind word or look.

"Till you came"—she turned with a wonderful smile, her blue eyes shedding light into him—"I never knew what it was to be loved—at least, since Walter died."

"Poor child!" he said softly, indescribably melted by that reference to himself.

"You'll never have that to say again, dear," he added, with a sort of complacent tenderness.

"No. Isn't it strange," she went on thoughtfully, "how things will happen in spite of us?—to show us, I suppose, that we are not masters of our own destinies, or others', and and that it is useless for us to try to control fate.

"I don't think he ever means to be married—according to my own choice, at least.

"I daresay he'd be rather glad to marry me to someone I disliked, if——"

"If I were a good match?" Palliser said, half-amused.

"Like that cousin of mine now. Lucky for him, was he born with silver spoon in his mouth, for nature didn't give him the brains to earn one.

"Should you have objected, Augustine, if your father's choice had fallen on Geoff?"

"I don't know," Miss Leigh answered gravely.

"Something in the words and the tone jarred upon her.

"I think he might have made a worse one.

"Mr. Bisset is very kind-hearted and frank and true, I think, I should like him very much for——"

"A husband, I suppose?" Mr. Palliser said, with a short angry laugh.

"And you might have had him too; he's over head and ears in love with you, poor beggar!

"What a pity you made the mistake of promising yourself to me!"

"Wasn't it?" the girl returned, with a low sweet laugh, the very sound of happiness, slipping her soft gloved hand into his thin bare one.

"But I only wanted Mr. Bisset for a brother, as it happens; and I'm very sorry if he feels as you say."

"He'll get over it," Mr. Palliser rejoined carelessly.

"It's a liberal education for a young fellow like Geoff to love a woman like you, Augustine, especially when the thing's hopeless.

"Does those curled darlings a world of good to go through the valley of humiliation once, at least, in their lives."

"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," said Austine slyly.

He turned towards her, smiling.

"Granted; but I've had my share of vinegar already, so I come to you for sugar."

"You might as well go to Oakley's for groceries," she declared laughingly. "I'm not at all sweet!"

"You are all that is charming," he answered, with lover-like enthusiasm.

"I know that isn't true; but I like to hear you say it," the girl confessed, with a sweet sudden blush.

"There is Thorneymede, Mr.—Raymond, and I think I'll bid you good-bye now."

"While only the eyeless backs of our fellow-creatures are turned to us."

He took the hand she held out, stooped kissed her with the air of confident possession—though his tenure, had he but known it, was insecure enough—echoing her own farewell.

Augustine shrank, colored, glanced round with startled eyes, and met the pained wistful gaze of Mr. Bisset's gray ones, as he turned from wishing Miss Malet good-bye.

It was just his luck, he thought, with an inward groan.

CHAPTER V.

MR. PALLISER set out, towards noon of the next day, for Thorneymede. He had Geoff's special dog-cart and favorite bay mare, and, as he bowled along, was mentally composing the speech, frank, but not foolish, unassuming, yet dignified, which was to announce to Augustine Leigh's father his pretensions to her hand.

Mr. Palliser was by no means so silly or so conceited as to fancy that the Squire of Thorneymede would gladly welcome those pretensions.

He was quite aware that, looked at from Mr. Leigh's point of view, his position was not at all that might be desired in the affianced lover of a presumptive heiress; but he had what he thought a well-founded confidence in his abilities as a special pleader, and he reckoned on Augustine's determination of character, which would make her coercion anything but an easy task, and on the fact of her being an only child and the natural inheritor of his wealth to unconsciously influence her father's decision.

He looked grave, but by no means downhearted; as he swept along a broad short drive, walled, and almost roofed, by immemorial oaks and chestnuts, and drew up the bay mare before the gate of the Manor.

Mr. Palliser rang the bell, consigned the mare to the care of the servant who answered it, and crossed the quadrangle to the house.

Here his progress received an unexpected check and his dignity a considerable wound.

Roberts opened the door, but stood inhospitably in the opening, barring all ingress, with a look of stolid surprise.

"Is Mr. Leigh at home?" Palliser inquired.

"Yes, sir, I believe so; he mostly is at this hour.

"Can I take any message?" Roberts said civilly, but repressively.

"Be so good as to take him this card and say I shall feel obliged by his seeing me."

"Beg pardon, sir"—with bland imperturbability—"but master don't receive."

The barrister's dark brows contracted, and an unusual red crept into his sallow cheeks.

"I have come on business," he said shortly.

"Business?" Roberts echoed, with doubtful inflection.

"Then, perhaps Mr. Fletcher—he's master's solicitor——"

"Mr. Fletcher won't do!" Palliser exclaimed, with hot impatience.

"Oblige me by taking that card to your master at once, and letting him know that I have called upon private business."

"Ve-ry well, sir," Roberts responded, with lofty disapproval; and, having invited the visitor into the hall with an air which said, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther," he lifted a curtain of old taspestry which hung before a door, and disappeared down the passage behind.

Palliser meanwhile looked round the dusky hall, with its covered roof, and panelled walls, hung with time-darkened portraits, its deep-set stone-mullioned windows its suits of battered armour, and the skins hung here and there on the shining black-oak floor.

A charming old house, he thought, the longing to have a place in it, a claim on it, growing stronger as he gazed.

Somebody came across the hall—an elderly lady, of portly person and kind placid face—"that good creature, Mrs. Baldwin," without doubt—and vanished slowly up the stairs.

A door opening above sent a sudden burst of music downward.

A duet, a silvery flight of treble notes, a soprano voice, shrilly sweet—Celia Malet's, Palliser said to himself—then a deeper strain of melody, a vigorous full contralto—Augustine's.

He thought he could detect a little tremor in the round bell-like notes, and was not ill-pleased to believe that she was anxious.

Roberts re-appeared from behind his tapestry.

"Master says, if your business is urgent, he can give you ten minutes, sir," he announced, with a very distant condescension.

Mr. Leigh turned round upon his chair when his visitor was ushered into the library, and gravely scanned him with steady suspiciously-keen dark eyes, motioning him the while to a seat opposite to his own.

"Mr. Palliser," he said, glancing again at the card in his hand.

"A connection, I think of Mr. Bisset of Wyford?"

"His cousin."

"Ah!" Mr. Leigh said, with a coldly courteous inclination of his head.

"I had the pleasure of knowing your uncle intimately some twenty years ago, and of esteeming him much."

"He was a man to be esteemed," Palliser declared, rather for the sake of saying something than that he remembered much of the late Bisset, or thought more.

"As men go," Anthony Leigh assented, with his cool mocking smile.

"My experience of mankind has not been altogether agreeable, Mr. Palliser; wherefore my Diogenes-like desire for the unsocial solitude of my own tub."

"I understand," the barrister said, reddening a little again.

"I should not have intruded upon that solitude, Mr. Leigh, without grave reason."

He paused a moment, and Mr. Leigh filled up the pause with a murmured "Quite so," and a significent glance at an old vellum-bound volume—Locke's Letters on Toleration—which lay open on the reading-desk before him. Palliser took the hint.

"I don't wish to waste your valuable time in circumlocution," he began hurriedly. "And it's not my habit to beat about the bush.

"I have met your daughter, Mr. Leigh, several times lately, when calling on Mrs. Fletcher, and—as might be expected—have become very deeply attached to her."

"Pardon me a moment," his host civilly interrupted, "and permit me to ask one question.

"Does Miss Leigh return your—affection?"

"She does."

"Ah!" Anthony Leigh said again, with an affectation of surprise, and a keen glance at the visitor out of his bright deep-set eyes—a glance by which that visitor felt himself sensibly disparaged.

"Proceed, Mr. Palliser."

"I am aware," that gentleman continued, finding more than the anticipated sense of difficulty in carrying on this interview, so awkward and so momentous, "that I am not what might be termed a good match for a young lady in Miss Leigh's position; my pretensions are principally founded upon her own preference—but I have an almost certainty of being able to offer her, in the future, an establishment not altogether unworthy of her."

"With your permission, Mr. Palliser," Anthony Leigh said, with another of those strange sardonic smiles, "we will confine ourselves to the present; the man who puts faith in the future blows empty bubbles into empty air."

"Not when he has some premises to go on," Palliser contended, rather hotly.

"I have made some name already, and the number of briefs I receive is rapidly increasing, and, in the natural course of things, will continue to increase.

"I have a small private fortune—three hundred a year—and am making about the same income by my professional work."

"And don't you think," Anthony Leigh observed quietly, "that that is rather a small settlement to offer a young lady who has expectations to that amount ten times told over?"

Mr. Palliser had the grace to feel uncomfortable.

"I did not know the extent of Miss Leigh's fortune," he said, after a pause.

"Nor have I calculated on it."

"Then you would not be disappointed if, in case of my daughter's choosing to marry you against my will, I shall leave my property to found an asylum for idiots?"

"I believe there is sad want of such a thing," Mr. Leigh said quite gravely, though with a gleam of mocking humor in his eye.

Palliser kept silence for a few moments, ruminating in an angry perplexity.

He felt fairly "cornered."

He was very fond of Augustine, he told himself—extremely fond,

But only the most headlong passion could blind itself to the imprudence in him of taking a penniless girl, brought up in luxury, to share and diminish his very modest means.

He had not reckoned on Mr. Leigh's readiness to part with his daughter, his nearest relative and natural heir, and the knowledge took him terribly aback—as likewise did that cynical half-humor coolness, the manner of a man who looked before he leaped, and would never return upon a path once chosen.

Palliser wished with all his heart that he had been as wary, but felt the wishing to be vain.

It was too late now to turn back—he had pledged his honor as a gentleman to Augustine Leigh, and he must, at all costs, redeem it.

Noblesse oblige: he took his courage in both hands, and led his forlorn hope as boldly as he might.

"I should not be disappointed," he said, firmly enough, if not very truthfully, after that short pause—"except in that I could not hope to have the happiness of calling Miss Leigh my wife so soon.

"I should have to wait a year or so, to add to my income before I ventured to ask her to share it."

"I understood you to have done that already?" the other said, with perfect politeness.

"But perhaps I mistake. It was probably in inverse order that you wished the proposition to be understood?"

Mr. Palliser's sallow skin flushed suddenly with dusky red; he rose from his chair, with a hasty moment of anger.

"You appear to forget, Mr. Leigh, that you are speaking to a gentleman," he exclaimed resentfully.

"When I asked Augustine to be my wife——"

"Miss Leigh, if you please," corrected her father, with his inscrutable cold smile.

"I asked her without deliberation," Palliser continued hotly, "not thinking of her money, or her position, or of anything but herself, and what she was to me."

How thankful he felt now to be able to say that!

"And I have already expressed my willingness to take her without a penny, if only time be given me to provide her with a comfortable home."

"But suppose I decline to give you anything?

"You have no claim upon me that I am aware of, Mr. Palliser; and I utterly refuse to give you either my money or my daughter.

"I have other views for the girl, and very different ones.

"If she does not carry them out, it will be the worse for herself—that's all.

"In any case, she can have nothing to do with you; or, if she is so foolish as to hanker after you still, she will go to you a dowerless bride—not one penny shall she have from me.

"There is no more to be said on the subject, I think, so I will wish you good morning."

He rang the bell, which Roberts answered.

"Show Mr. Palliser out, and ask Miss Leigh to come to me for a few minutes here; I wish to speak to her."

CHAPTER VI.

WAS it only four months when all was said and counted—that dreary eternity of time?

Augustine Leigh was asking herself that question one evening in late September, standing listlessly at the window in her room.

It seemed more like four years, she thought, since that summer noonday in which she had watched Raymond Palliser turn Geoff's bay mare from the gate of the Manor, and drive away with never a backward look.

Then came Robert's summons to the library, her father's cold cutting words.

She thought she could hear them now, they had stamped themselves upon her brain.

"I have had a proposal for your hand," he said, looking at her with bent brows and dark angry eyes, yet with the mockery of a smile upon his lips. "I presume you know from whom?"

"From—Mr. Palliser?"

"Precisely. I was not quite unprepared for the application, having heard of your secret meetings, and knowing the extent to which women can carry vanity, credulity, and duplicity."

"You have no right to say that, father," the girl cried, stung into passionate protest.

"I have never tried to deceive you in all my life!

"And you might have known everything that happened to me day by day, if you'd taken enough interest in me to care."

The murder was out now, the pent-up bitter sense of slight and injury.

Augustine stood before her father, terribly pale, and trembling convulsively; but with her eyes still gazing straight and fearlessly into his.

The undaunted honesty at that look, half accusing, half appealing, would have brought conviction to another man; to Anthony Leigh's warped mind it seemed but a clever piece of acting, worthy of a woman, and that woman called Augustine.

"Granting that I do not care for you, as you put it, to that idiotic extent, I still care enough for your welfare not to wish to hand you over to the first penniless adventurer whose ears are tickled by the jingle of your money-bags," he answered quite coolly.

"I have refused, on your behalf, the honor of Mr. Palliser's alliance."

"As you did not consult me on the subject, father, I decline to abide by your decision," Augustine said quietly, but with clenched hands and blue eyes blazing out of her pale face.

Mr. Leigh slightly raised his dark brows, and settled himself in a more comfortable position in his chair.

"I don't think you will do that," he said sarcastically.

"You are not altogether without sense, I am sure; and you are not likely to be tempted into such folly by the solicitations of your Mr.—ah, yes—Palliser! He is a particularly sensible person, I find, and the last man in the world to commit the foolishness of burdening himself with a penniless young woman who would prove a frightful handicap in his race for wealth.

"How his face changed when I put that view of the case before him!" Mr. Leigh continued, in a musing tone—"and how cleverly he made haste to get out of his dilemma!

"Yes, decidedly a sharp-witted fellow—shouldn't wonder if he made a considerable fortune by-and-by, when people have found out his aptitude for proving that black is white.

"He failed to win the stepping-stone he wanted to it here, though!" he added, with a hard smile.

"I am glad to see that you have sense enough to take it quietly; it's a disagreeable lesson, but one that must be learnt. You will be glad by-and-by that you were taught it early; and you'll be more likely next time to get as much as you give.

"If you have anything else of importance to say on the subject, you can let me know later; for the present, you understand me, and that is enough."

He drew his chair back into the position it had occupied before Mr. Palliser's entrance, and bent his eyes once more upon his book. But Augustine's next words brought them sharply up from it again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

OLD STRAW.—To clean that old straw hat use lemon juice and salt and lay in the hot sun to bleach. Straw as well as woolen and other goods can be bleached in a tight box or barrel, with the fumes of burning sulphur. Suspend the goods and place a pan of live coals, with the sulphur over them, on the floor beneath; close the box tight.

HINTS.—An attack of indigestion caused by eating nuts, will be immediately relieved and cured by the simple remedy, salt. Medical men recommend that salt be used with nuts, especially when eaten at night. The unpleasant odor left in the breath after eating onions is entirely removed by a cup of strong coffee; and the coffee being prepared while the onions are being cooked counteracts the smell.

WATERPROOF MATCHES.—An officer of the British army has patented a waterproof match, specimens of which have ignited readily after having been wrapped in a damp rag for twenty four hours. This is accomplished by coating the phosphorized end of the match with solid paraffine, which while it protects from slow oxidation, being imperfectly impervious to water, does not in the slightest degree interfere with the ready inflammability of the match.

USES OF PAPER.—Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and tea-pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware, and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp-chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing-paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one one walks on it.

Farm and Garden.

A CHEAP RAIN GAUGE.—To make a rain gauge for farmers' use, just as good as if it cost $3, take a quart fruit can free from dents, hold the top in the fire until the solder is melted, then knock it off; place the can on a post with brackets nailed around to keep it in place. Make a rule six inches long, divided into tenths of inches—one made out of a strip of slate is best. Measure the rain every morning after falling. An inch of rain is a good rainfall, if it comes gently. This in weight will be 226,875 pounds, or 113 tons, 875 pounds to the acre.

COWS FOR THE DAIRY.—It would not pay to buy costly cows for dairy purposes; that is, as a business. If a person for his own personal gratification will ignore the earning of interest on his investment he may be paid in that way for the keeping of a herd of choice, pure-bred Jerseys or Ayrshires, but he will not get one cent more for the milk or butter in the market. A grocer won't give a cent for the pedigree of the cows which produce the butter he buys. Quality is all he wants, and common cows, well selected, will yield just as good butter as any pure-bred cows, and as much on the average.

STRAW AND BRAN.—Professor Henry, of the Wisconsin Experimental Farm, holds that it is wise economy on the part of the farmer who has a great straw stack, and small herd of cattle, and some hay, and who will not enlarge his herd, to sell the hay at $7 or $8 per ton, and spend the money in buying bran at $11 and $12, and feed it with the straw, together with some oil-meal. Good bright straw is made equal to hay by the addition of the protein in the bran and meal and the whole is thus made into a far better quality of manure than usually comes from the usual way of feeding the hay, and half washing the straw.

GOOD WELL CURBING.—The best timber for curbing a well is hemlock, which is very durable when under water, and gives no flavor to the water. Of the woods some mention, all would rot very quickly except pine and tamarack, but pine is objectionable on account of its strong flavor. If hemlock cannot be procured tamarack would be the best. The timber should be cut in two or three inch planks, and put together by halving the timbers at the end, and holding the halved parts dovetailed or cornered together, so that the sides cannot be forced in by the pressure of the earth; the upper half of one piece fitting upon the lower half of the other piece.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 23, 1884.

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OPPORTUNITIES.

If we look to the history of those who have achieved the greatest success, we shall find that the secret of that success has been the wise and industrious use of opportunities.

If, on the other hand, we trace the career of those who have conspicuously failed, we shall as truly find that, to a very great extent, their failures can be traced to neglect of their opportunities.

Opportunities wisely used are themselves but the introduction to other opportunities of larger scope, and involving greater issues.

A steady, persevering attention to such means of obtaining knowledge are within our reach; careful attention to the duties of the particular position of life in which we are for the time placed, will do far more towards the extension of that knowledge, far more towards the improvement of that position, than the most patient waiting for opportunities which may never occur.

We cannot think that men are specially designed by nature for particular callings. If it be true that men are "born to" special callings, and are, therefore, certain to achieve success in those callings why do we lavish praises upon them? Men surely should not be blamed or praised for any result of circumstances over which they have had no control.

If it be true that men are "born to" particular professions or businesses, there can be no necessity for such persons to learn them.

This theory of innate qualification for special duties appears to us equally pernicious and absurd. It strikes the root of all human responsibility, and removes any incentive to exertion.

If a young man—or a young woman either—is to wait about listlessly until he or she is given to understand what particular profession they were intended for, the result will go to prove that they were "born to" nothing, merely because they have failed to apply themselves to any particular thing.

We cannot think that anyone who has given the subject serious consideration will admit that men are naturally fitted—that is to say, originally fitted by nature—for any special vocation. A man is best adapted for that to which he adapts himself. Success is almost always the result of earnest effort.

It is most unwise to waste our time in regretting that we have not better chances, and in wishing that we were differently situated. The only wise course to pursue, is to do the very best our circumstances will permit of, and we shall find that doing this is the surest way of securing for ourselves better opportunities for higher aims.

Circumstances must necessarily have a great influence over all, but a mind made strong by the constant utilization of opportunities, will show its superior strength by making the very circumstances of its surroundings subservient to its own development.

If Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, had been born in any other position of life, his patient perseverance, his practical energy, must have resulted in something great and useful; but he owes all his fame to the wise use he made of the opportunities afforded him in what he no doubt, at the time, considered his very unenviable position as a colliery servant.

To those who are just entering upon the responsibilities of life—young men and young women—we would say, in conclusion, do the best you can under the circumstances; labor dilligently to make the most of such opportunities as you have; whatever they are, they can never be repeated; others may occur, but opportunities once lost are lost for ever.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Chicago Superintendent of Schools has directed teachers to employ a minimum amount of concert recitation, on the ground that "it is the most useless and delusive manner in which the teacher could use the time of her class."

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, the lecturer, on being asked his opinion of marriage, replied: "My views on the marriage tie are, briefly, that women were made by God Almighty to be either married or to become nuns, and that there is no such state as 'old maid' recognizable. My advice to all young women is to accept marriage proposals instead of rejecting them."

BOSTON has a Religio-Philosophical Society that believes that disease is caused by the absence of God from the body, and can be cured by the passage of the divine effluence from the well to the sick, as they sit with their spines in contact. It numbers among its adherents "people of influence and prominence, and some whose names are as familiar as household words."

THE Wurtemberg Minister of the Interior has ordered the police authorities to see that the young folks of either sex are not allowed to dance in places of public amusement, unless they have completed their sixteenth year. An exception to this draconic rule may be made on the occasion of wedding festivities, where the standing of the originators of the dance offers the required moral guarantee.

To ascertain how long a man should live, the learned reason from analogy. The duration of life with the horse, and with other animals of the higher species, is proportionate to the time expended in their growth. M. Flourens has improved on the working out of this idea suggested by Buffon. All the larger animals, he observes, live five times as long as the time expended by them in reaching maturity. By a physical analogy, therefore, the ordinary life of a man should be 100 years at least.

FAME and fortune awaits the discoverer of an efficient method of so consuming coal that none of its constituent and combustible particles can escape into the atmosphere of large cities with the two-fold result of preventing pecuniary loss and sanitary degradation of the air. It is estimated by competent experts that London alone loses every winter $25,000,000 from imperfectly burned coal, not to speak of the damage to buildings, and the injury done to the public health through the breathing of a polluted atmosphere.

PURE water, fresh air, and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will save you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that the people who live most in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature.

THE *Railroad Age* says that 6,600 miles of railroad track have been laid in the United States during the year, at an approximate cost of $165,000,000, making the total number of miles of railway in this country to date about 120,000. The construction during 1882, the largest in the history of the country, was 11,600 miles. New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Nevada and Wyoming are the only States and Territories in which no new road was built last year.

SOME one has said that a woman of fifty years of age to-day is fresher and more attractive than she was twenty years ago at that age. At present women dress more youthfully; they do not plaster their hair in wide bands over the cheeks; they wear more sensible clothing, in the way of thick boots, waterproofs, ulsters, flannels and high-neck dresses, which tend to preserve their health. They read, travel, and have more congenial occupations than formerly, and it is no longer considered unladylike—that feeble, namby-pamby word—if women have rubber boots, self-reliance, common sense, and a few opinions of their own.

A PROMINENT London journal says: We find it impossible to give any precept as to the time and mode of smoking. Personal sensibilities differ so widely that no common premise can be laid down. Speaking generally, the points of caution should be to avoid irritation of the mucous membrane of the mouth and fauces, loss of the salivary secretion, and super excitement of the nerves and nerve centres. Cigars are better than pipes, and far better than cigarettes; but no cigar should be smoked for more than three fourths of its length, even with a mouth-piece. The smoke should be taken into the front of the mouth and ejected as rapidly as possible.

IN his treatise on laughter, Joubert gives a curious instance. A patient, being low with fever, and the physician in attendance being at a loss as to how he should produce reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded. Not long after, a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet, slipped slyly up, and touched it to his lips. The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Aha! His vision brightened. He cast a glance around, and then drank it to the bottom, where he got the full strength of the rhubarb. Mercy, what a face he made! The visage of the disgusted monkey spoke volumes as he tried to spit out the horrible taste, but finding that impossible, he seized the goblet and hurled it to the floor, smashing it into a hundred pieces. The scene was so ludicrous, that the sick man burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came in. And when he tried to tell her, he laughed again, until he sank back exhausted, in a profuse perspiration, which lasted until he fell asleep. When he awoke the fever was broken, and he recovered.

THE shirt-collar, says an exchange, originated in fraud and hypocrisy. In the days when men first wore linen, it came to be the fashion to leave more or less of that linen exposed at the neck to prove the cleanliness of that underneath. This naturally took the form of the collar. Then a genius caght on to the idea of cutting out a separate piece of linen in the shape of the overhanging part and affixing it to the top of the shirt. These bits of linen could be put on clean every day, thus giving the public the impression that they represented the cleanliness of the unseen garment to which the were attached. They were in effect fraudulent certificates of such cleanliness. Hence, the collar is but a base subterfuge of ancient origin. It is as the gold wash on the pinchbeck jewelry, the rouge on a dead complexion, or the voluptuous outline of a new pair of corsets. The collar is a useful aid to the cravat in strangling the neck and making it unduly sensitive to cold. The [illegible]llar did not attain its perfection of fraudulency and the height of its iniquitous hypocrisy until starch was invented to gloss and stiffen it. When this happens, mankind forgets that it was a cheat. The collar is an unmitigated nuisance in hot weather, and of very little protection in cold. It is a joy to the young man, and a nuisance to the old one.

SAYS a prominent English author, concerning marriage: So she was going to be married; to be mistress of a house, settle in London; to be able to go out in the streets all alone, to shop or visit; have a gentleman all her own, whom she could put her finger on any moment, and make him take her about, even to the opera and the theatre; to give dinner parties her own self, and even a little ball once in a while; to buy whatever dresses she thought proper, instead of being crippled by an allowance; have the legal right of speaking first in society, instead of sitting nonchalance and mockmodest; to be mistress instead of Miss—contemptible title; to be a woman instead of a girl; and all this rational liberty, domestic power, and social dignity were to be obtained by just wedding a dear fellow who loved her and was so nice; and the bright career to be ushered in with several delights, each of them dear to the girl's very soul, presents from all her friends; as many beautiful new dresses as if one was changing her body or her hemisphere instead of changing her name; eclat; going to church, which is a good English girl's theatre of display and temple of vanity, and there tasting delightful publicity and whispered admiration in a heavenly long veil which she could not wear even once if she remained single. This bright and variegated picture of holy wedlock, as revealed to young ladies by feminine tradition, though not enumerated in the Book of Common Prayer, so entranced her that time flew by unheeded.

FORGETFULNESS.

BY C. M.

Forget thee ! no, by all my grief—
  By memory of my tears,
Remembrance of the past will haunt
  Thy changing heart for years !
Amidst thy fairest hours of life
  A bitter thought will steal,
And try to lead thy wavering soul
  For others' woe to feel.

Forget me ! in the glorious months
  Of happy summer tide;
Canst thou forget the days last year
  We wandered side by side?
In thinking o'er all thou'st felt,
  In banished joy and glee,
Say, from that faded dream of bliss
  Oh, canst thou banish me?

The perfume of my favorite flowers,
  The songs I sang thee last ;
Will these permit forgetfulness—
  Oblivion of the past?
Forget me ! in the dead of night
  One thought may steal through sleep;
One haunting thought will fill thy brain
  And make thee wake and weep.

Feel thou hast blighted all the hopes
  Of one who'd die for thee;
Say, from this dream of misery
  Oh, canst thou banish me?
A careworn face, sad, silent tears,
  A broken heart at last;
Will these bring thee forgetfulness—
  Oblivion of the past?

The Invalid.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLK.

EVELYN ROSSITUR sat beside an open window, in a small cottage home, waiting for the return of her lover, who had gone from the village seven years before to make his fortune.

It was just before sunset, and the sultry heat of an August day held every leaf motionless, while the parched earth and flowers pleaded for rain.

Yet Evelyn wore a dress of warm cashmere, and wrapped about her was a shawl of finest Shetland wool.

Her face, thin and sunken, was deathly pale, save where a hectic flush stained the cheek.

Her eyes, large and intensely blue, were unnaturally brilliant, and her hair, soft, thick, and glossy, hung in long ringlets around her face.

She held one of these in her wasted fingers, mournfully touching it.

"Bessie," she said, softly—and at her call a girl of seventeen came to her side—"Bessie, it was a strange vanity, was it not, that made me curl my hair to-night? I wanted Louis to see me as I was when he left me. But I only look more ghastly than ever."

Bessie bent caressingly over her cousin, pressing a soft kiss upon the lips quivering with emotion.

"He can scarcely expect to find you entirely unchanged in seven years, Evelyn," she said, gently. "You will regain your beauty with your health, now Louis has come."

"Never, Bessie; he has come to see me die, to bid me a long farewell. It is fatality."

"It's nothing of the sort," said Bessie; "it is imagination."

"Bessie, you cannot mean that I am not sick."

"No, I do not mean that."

"And with consumption, the fatal disease that has taken my parents, two brothers, and only sister to the church-yard. Look at me, Bessie. I am not twenty-five, and I look fifty. Louis cannot love such a wasted shadow of his Evelyn."

"Louis will make you young again. I prophesy it," said Bessie, brightly; "but I must go for some extras for the tea for Louis. He will soon be here now, dear Evelyn."

"Can't Martha go?"

"No; I will not be long."

She went as she spoke, into an adjoining room, and put on a coquettish little straw hat.

Her errand was soon done; but, instead of turning her steps homeward, she went to the station, where the train was nearly due.

It came as she climbed the wooden steps, and one passenger alighted.

This was a tall, brown-bearded man about thirty, with a handsome face, and an expression of eager haste.

He was rapidly striding across the platform, when Bessie put a little white hand upon his arm.

"Mr. Dalton," she said.

"That is my name," he replied, courteously raising his hat.

"I am Bessie Rossitur," she said. "I have outraged all the proprieties by coming to meet you, and I am about to ask you to outrage them still more, by sitting here with me a few minutes."

Her earnest face belied her light words, and Louis Dalton at once followed her to the narrow wooden bench upon the platform.

They were utterly alone, the station lying a little outside of the village.

"I have come for Evelyn's sake," Bessie said. "If you had sent us any address when you wrote you were coming home, I should have written to you. As I could not do that I have come to meet you. You have heard of the terrible fatality in Evelyn's home in the last seven years?"

"Yes."

"Evelyn fancies herself dying of the same disease that has left her alone in the world. I want you to save her life. You may think I am but a presuming child, when I tell you I do not agree with the doctor about my cousin; but I love her very dearly, and love has made me watchful. I believe some poison lurks in that house. I can feel myself weakening every day I am in it, and I know that I was in perfect health when I went there."

"But why not tell Evelyn this?"

"I have, again and again, but depressed by the death of all near and dear to her, she is convinced that consumption has fastened its grasp upon her as upon them.

"It is useless for me to argue. I am young, and she has a whole corps of old women croaking to her every day.

"Mr. Dalton," and Bessie's sad face became sadly earnest, "if you let her see that you are shocked at the change in her—and she is fearfully changed—if you encourage her depression, you will kill her. When her health began to fail, everybody in the village kept her reminded of the fact that she belonged to a doomed family. You will try to take her away—will you not?—that is the only way to save her life."

"Most certainly; and I can never thank you enough for coming to meet me," replied Mr. Dalton.

"Let me hurry home now, and you follow soon. I think we had better not go together."

Though she walked quickly, Bessie found Evelyn already excited at Louis's non-appearance.

"I heard the whistle more than half an hour ago, Bessie," she said. "Can anything have happened to Louis?"

"We will not think so yet," Bessie said. "For my own part, I am glad of a spare minute or two to devote to Martha."

"You will not have it. I hear a step. He has come."

The pallor of death was on Evelyn's face as she rose to her feet to greet Louis, and he could scarcely suppress a cry of horror as the ghastly face rose before him.

Cut with a quick remembrance of Bessie's words, he spoke cheerfully his first words to Evelyn.

"Evelyn, darling. How glad I am to come to you again."

The white lips quivered painfully.

"It is new life to see you, Louis, if only to say farewell."

"Farewell! You don't get rid of me again," he said, his heart sinking as he watched the quick breathing and trembling agitation of his betrothed. "I hope you are all ready to be married."

"Louis! you cannot wish to marry me now."

"Not wish to marry you now! I have wished it for seven long years, Evelyn."

"But I am so changed."

"You look as if you had been sick," he said, "but I see no other change. These are my Evelyn's heavy curls, her dear blue eyes, her little mouth, made for kissing."

Then Bessie stole away, and astonished Martha by an impromptu fandango in the kitchen, with an accompaniment of—"She is better already," in an energetic tone, that was suspiciously near tears.

"Now, Martha," she said, "you are not to refer to Miss Evelyn's sickness in any way. Remember."

"It is flying in the face of Providence for you to talk as you do," croaked Martha, a dismally-minded damsel of fifty. "Aint she going the way of all the rest?"

"She was going as fast as she could drive her. But I have come to enter my protest, and, Mr. Dalton's, to save her life. If you say one word now about her being sick, I'll lock you up in the garret."

"Tea is all ready," said Martha, with a martyr-like sigh.

"Ring the bell, then," said Bessie, stepping into the dining-room. "You have set no place at the table for Miss Evelyn."

"It'll be certain death to her to come out of her room, Miss Bessie."

"She is coming."

Plate, cup and saucer, were rapidly put upon the table; and leaving Martha to bring in the dish, Bessie flitted upstairs again.

Louis was just protesting he did not care for tea.

"But you will help Evelyn to the table," said Bessie.

"Evelyn! Will Evelyn come down?"

"Certainly. Come, Evelyn!"

"Don't you think it will hurt me?"

"Not a bit. I told you Louis' coming would make you well. There is no doctor like a happy heart."

So Evelyn, leaning upon Louis' arm, went downstairs for the first time in three months.

Bessie had made the room a perfect bower, with cut-flowers on the table, snowy curtains at the windows, and a fresh brightness over everything.

Martha had groaned as one funeral token after another was carried tenderly to the attic, from parlor and dining-room.

It seemed to the old servant a positive sacrilege to remove the many mementoes of the terrible fatality that had stricken the house, but Bessie was resolute.

So Evelyn, with Louis on one side, all eager, lover-like attention, Bessie on the other, all bright animation, flowers, pretty table decorations, and dainty fare tempting her, ate broiled chicken and found herself actually laughing over her cousin's witticisms.

Tea over, the parlor was visited.

The long closed shutters were open, the room as bright as hands could make it, and Evelyn's piano wide open.

She whispered to Bessie.

"Oh, darling, it has not been touched for five years. Not since Willie died."

"But remember, Louis has come," said Bessie, quickly.

It was still early when the peremptory little cousin ordered Evelyn upstairs again, and after bidding Louis good-night, watched the invalid till she was asleep.

But going downstairs then, she was amazed to find Louis in the porch.

"Not here," she whispered, seeing he was about to speak; "we are directly under Evelyn's window, and she sleeps lightly. Come to the end of the garden."

"Bessie," he said, hoarsely, once they were out of hearing, "she is dying."

"She only coughed twice while she was downstairs," said Bessie, triumphantly; "and she has been coughing every few minutes for more than three months. I tell you, Louis, you, and you alone, can save her.

"When I came here, every mantelpiece held photographs of the dead; every token of the terrible loss she has suffered was pressed hourly before Evelyn's notice. She was broken in health by sorrow and loneliness, and every surrounding aggravated the trouble. Martha would croak anybody into the grave alone, and Martha has had the aid of the whole village.

"If you take up the chorus, she will die. But you will not," she added, with a pleading eagerness; "you will help me to bring sunshine, flowers, music, happiness into her life. Do not think I am heartless. I loved my uncle and aunt, my cousins who are gone, and I sorrowed sincerely when they died. But I want to save Evelyn."

"God bless you; and help me to carry out your loving schemes," said Louis. "If we do save Evelyn, you will have done it, under Providence; for, but for your warning; I could not have hidden my fear and sorrow."

But Bessie rising to say good night, only repeated—

"It all rests with you."

The next day, to Evelyn's own intense amazement, she found herself out driving with Louis, very white and very weak, but with a faint hope, long and stranger, gathering about her heart.

It was apparent to Louis himself that the despair he had first seen in the large blue eyes was gone, and, encouraged by this, he entered heartily into all Bessie's plans.

Evelyn was coaxed into consenting to the preparation of wedding garments, and though she said she would not live to wear them, she yielded to Louis' whisper—

"Be my wife soon, darling, that I need never leave you."

The village was horrified when the banns were read, and more than one came to see if "that girl actually dying of consumption was really going to be married!"

But Bessie cunningly contrived that Evelyn should be driving with Louis or resting, whenever company appeared, constituting herself a very dragon to guard her.

In September there was a quiet wedding, and Louis took his bride for a long wedding tour before they settled down in the pleasant home he had prepared for her, many miles from her native village.

Slowly health came back with happiness and hope, and Louis laughingly protested Evelyn Dalton was younger and prettier than Evelyn Rossitur had ever been.

Not till they were a staid, married couple five long years, did they see Bessie again.

Then, by urgent invitation, she made them a visit.

A pretty matron, with the bloom of health upon her rounded cheek, greeted her, and two noble boys of three years and one year old were presented to her notice.

In the course of the first evenings conversation, Evelyn said—

"Louis has told me, Bessie, of your loving conspiracy, when he first came home. It is hard to believe imagination could carry me so near the edge of the grave."

"It was all imagination," said Bessie, gravely. "Mr. Emerson, who bought your old house, had two lingering cases of illness resulting fatally in his family, and sold it again. The new purchaser had the whole house enlarged; and in removing the floors, the building was found to rest upon a green swamp. The miasma must have penetrated every room over this stagnant poison."

"It was common-sense against imagination in a great degree, though," said Louis; "for Evelyn has told me of her own firm conviction that there was a fatality in her family, and she could not hope to escape. Her first real hope came, when I summoned our best physician, and he assured her lungs were thoroughly sound, and her cough a nervous affection."

"I gave up croaking then, Bessie," said Evelyn, "glad to believe I might live for Louis and long years of happiness."

"Was I not a true prophet?" asked Bessie; "I told you when Louis came home, he would make you young again. It was love and hope against imagined fatality, and love was conqueror."

Pleasure's Victim.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

"I DON'T think I can let her go," said Mr. Cleve, shaking his head over and over again, while his eldest daughter's letter lay on his knee, and the spectacles were yet poised on his nose.

The November wind was howling dismally through the boughs of the huge old sycamore trees which overhung the farmhouse chimneys, and the first snowflakes of the season were beginning to flutter mistily through the air.

Alice Cleve had just come from the post-office with a letter from her married sister, Farmer Cleve's daughter, by his first wife, who had married a lawyer, and gone to live in the city years ago, and who was nearly old enough to be the mother of the blue-eyed Alice.

"Oh, let her go, father," said Mrs. Cleve the second, who stood in a sort of admiring awe of her wealthy and aristocratic step-daughter.

Mr. Cleve looked up.

"Only think of it, father, a winter in the city, and the child has never been away in all her days."

Little Alice crept closer to her father's side, with eyes aglow, and lips wreathed in radiant smiles.

"Papa, may I go?"

"Do you want to leave your old father, puss?"

"Papa—no. It isn't that, you know"—with a reproachful hug and kiss—"but I should so like to visit Marian, and see the great city."

The father shook his head and looked thoughtful.

"Not so beautiful a place as you may think it, child; but I don't know but that I should have felt the same at your age; there ain't no putting old heads on young shoulders, and I don't think I should like the arrangement if there was. How much do you want to fit the child out, mother. Will one hundred dollars do?"

"One hundred dollars!"

Alice clasped her hands in breathless surprise and delight at her father's liberality.

"Oh, papa, I shall be dressed like a queen!"

But in spite of all her raptures at the prospect of a city campaign, Alice Cleve cried heartily when she parted from her father.

"You'll not forget us, puss?"

"Papa, I don't want to go now," sobbed Alice.

"Don't cry, child."

"Let me return home with you father," she pleaded.

"Nonsense—nonsense!" cried the farmer, cheerily. "And what would become of the new blue silk dress and the white kid gloves?"

And Alice was laughing through her tears as the train bore her away through the winter twilight.

Her tears, indeed!

What were they to the scalding drops which stood on her old father's wrinkled cheeks, as he drove back through the grey dusk to the home which seemed doubly desolate now?

Mrs. Garfield was delighted with her little rustic blossom of a sister.

"My dear," with the greatest enthusiasm, "you are just like one of my rosebuds. Wait until I get you something decent to wear, and I shall have you the fashion at once."

"But, Marian," said Alice, shyly, as she glanced at the newly-unpacked garments scattered about her, "I have some beautiful things already."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Garfield, elevating her aristocratic nose, "Keep those things for the country. A country dressmaker, and goods half a season old! You are too pretty, Alice, not to be set off to the best advantage."

"Yes; but, Marian—"

"Well, dear?"

Alice blushed deeply, and with drooping eyes, said:

"We cannot afford—"

"I'll see to that," said Mrs. Garfield, with smiling despotism.

And Alice could only force a little laugh and submit.

Little Alice Cleve was like a grown-up doll to her elder sister.

Mrs. Garfield robed her in glistening silks, hung jewels on her throat and arms, wreathed chaplets of costly flowers in her hair, and throned her queen of love and beauty.

"Oh, Marian," she cried, "this is like living in fairyland all the while! I am so happy. But it seemed strange to be dancing in a crowded room, with people all about me, at the time when I used to be fast asleep in bed and dreaming."

"My dear, that's only because you are a country girl."

"And—mind, Marian, I only ask because I am so ignorant and foolish. Are you sure it is right for me to dance those round dances, with a gentleman's arm so tight round my waist? I am afraid mamma would not like it."

"You little unsophisticated piece of simplicity," said Mrs. Garfield, "don't everybody else do it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then, of course it's right. Get your hat, and we'll drive up to the park this afternoon. My goodness, child, what have you brought down that hideous worsted scarf for?"

"Mamma knit it," said Alice, coloring up. "It is to tie over my ears on a cold day like this."

Mrs. Garfield laughed.

"A pretty figure you would cut, indeed, with your head tied up," she exclaimed. "No, Alice, your dimpled little profile is too pretty to be obscured by any such monstrosities."

"But I shall take cold."

"Nonsense—nobody thinks of wearing such a thing."

And Alice yielded to Mrs. Garfield's superior experience.

She went to a soiree that same night, with pearly shoulders bare, save for a web-like covering of white tulle, and beautiful feet encased in rose colored-silk stockings, and nice slippers, with low heels and rosettes of satin, careless of the wintry storm that howled without.

"It's only running across the pavement, and you're safe in the carriage," said Mrs. Garfield. "Nobody thinks of wearing boots or thick stockings."

Alice was a little hoarse the next day, but Mrs. Garfield took her to the concert.

"Everybody will be there to hear Parepa for the last time," she said; and Mr. Delaney will be dreadfully disappointed if you stay away.

"I do believe he's in love with you, Alice.

"There, don't blush so, pet; there's nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that you have captivated the best match of the season."

Mrs. Garfield came back from the concert in high spirits.

"Now you may have a little nap before dinner, Alice.

"I'll send a cup of tea up to your room directly; for I want you to be fresh for the evening."

"Oh, Marian, I am so tired."

"But you must not disappoint Mrs. Carey.

"I have promised you should be there. Mr. Delaney is to call for us at nine."

"I say, my dear," said honest Mr. Garfield, when Alice had gone, you're going it too fast. She's losing all her rustic roses."

"Oh, she'll get used to it," said Marian, complacently. "And she is so much admired."

Night after night Alice Cleve's lovely face, set off with expensive dress, and crowned with the sweetest flowers that grew, rose like a star on the horizon of fashionable assemblies!

Night after night Mrs. Garfield exulted in her young sister's success.

"Let me stay at home to-night, Marian," she pleaded; "I am so weary, and I so long to sleep."

"My dear, what an idea?"

So Alice went, in pearl-colored silk, with floating trails of clematis in her golden hair, and pink spots on her cheeks; and Mrs. Garfield told her, with a proud kiss, that "she never looked so pretty in her life."

Alice smiled.

"I don't think I care so much for such things as I did," she said, gravely.

"I feel, nowadays, as if I wanted to see papa and mamma, and the dear old home."

"Homesick?" reproached her sister.

"Not homesick, Marian, but so tired.

. Mrs. Garfield paid but little heed to Alice's words then, but they came back to her like a pang that evening, when Alice was carried out, fainting, from the oppressive atmosphere of the ball-room.

It was so like death.

The closed eyes and the pallid cheeks.

And her old father?

How should she render up her trust to him, if Alice went back in the spring time, pale and drooping?

Mrs. Garfield sent for the doctor next day.

The man of medicine shook his head, and talked gravely of "pulmonary predisposition," and "tubercular tendencies," and prescribed quiet, port wine, and beef tea.

And the upshot of the interview was that Mrs. Garfield wrote to Farmer Cleve.

"Of course, she is not seriously sick," his eldest daughter's epistle ran, "but just a little indisposed.

"If you choose to run up toward the end of March, I dare say she will be well enough to return home with you. There is no cause for alarm, but our little Alice, the doctor tells me, has not a strong constitution naturally."

As if Mr. Cleve would have waited a day—scarcely an hour—after the letter came, like a bombshell of ruin and dismay, into the peaceful solitude of his home.

He packed his carpet-bag straightway, and took the first train.

After traveling all night, he reached the metropolis just as the early morning sunshine was reddening over the roofs of the houses, and to his surprise, the Garfield household were up and stirring.

Marian herself met him on the stairs.

"Where's my girl?" he demanded, trying to speak cheerily.

"Oh! papa, I am so glad you have come," cried Marian, hysterically. "We telegraphed for you last night."

"She's not worse?" gasped the old man.

"Oh, no—at least—that is—we hope she is not seriously worse—only a sudden bad turn, that's all."

Mrs. Garfield threw open the door of the apartment where, like a pale snow-drop, veiled by the white drifts of December, Alice lay among her pillows. She opened her eyes at the familiar sound of the footsteps.

"Papa," she murmured, softly. "I only wanted to see you just once, papa. Now I can go in peace!"

"My child!" broke from Cleve's parched lips, as her arms were wreathed about his neck one instant, and then fell back on her breast.

"Alice!"

But she did not answer.

The sweet, closed lips should never speak more.

"My dear sir," said Dr. Fiske, solemnly, when they had forced the poor old man away from the bed where only a lovely statue remained, "there is really nobody to blame.

"A little over exertion, a slight cold, rendered obstinate by neglect; a delicate constitution.

"He hath given, my friend, and He taketh away."

"It is false!" thundered Mr. Cleve, turning with pointed finger and blazing eyes to his eldest daughter; "you have murdered her!"

And Mrs. Garfield, shrinking back with conscious guilt, felt that the frenzied words of the old man were too true.

She had not meant aught but tenderness.

She had loved the young girl as dearly as herself, yet she knew that hers had been the hand that led the fair victim on to death, garlanded and jewel-decked like the sacrificed of old.

Truly, War hath killed its thousands, and Pestilence its tens of thousands, but what are these to the victims that fall daily beneath the wheels of the great Juggernaut of Fashionable Life?

Never Sent.

BY PERCY HERBERT.

THE fire was very bright in Mrs. Tennent's drawing-room.

No lamps were lighted, nor candles.

Now, as she sat shading her face from the fire, she was not, as she usually was, alone.

A strange guest had come into the room unexpected.

It was the name of a dead man; dead ten long years—long enough for it to have faded out of the heart in which it once made music.

She made a little excited gesture as she heard it.

There was but a moment or two of silence given her in which to be sensible of all the confused thoughts which started up like a spring, choked with the leaves of many winters, and suddenly freed from them.

Was he dead?

Or was she dreaming?

"Ah, no!

It was no phantom that had come up to her, and stood, after the first agitated greeting, back in strong shadow, with its hands touching the fringe on the mantelpiece.

"And you did not know me, Estelle? You had no suspicion, no idea even, that I might come back to you to-night?"

Looking steadily for a moment at the bearded face, she answered—

"Back from the dead? No, I had not the least idea. Was it likely that I should have?"

The young man—I call him young; for in spite of his grey hair and the lines on his forehead he was not much past thirty—suffered his fingers to interlace each other, and pressed his lips together in some emotion, which was too strong at first to let him speak.

"Was it likely," repeated the woman, in the same tone of impassive calmness, "that I should expect to see a man who died ten years ago—ten weary years, Bertie Tennent?"

"Estelle!"

It was all he could say.

Some great wrong had been done him.

Some fatal mistake lay hidden in the past, to be uncovered.

He shrank from doing this with instinctive terror of what it might be.

She called the years weary, and yet had no welcome for him, no warmer greeting than that unmoved voice and stolid aspect.

How little she was changed in outward beauty!

How fearfully different from the impulsive girl who had clung to him in the Ghost's Walk twelve years ago!

Bertie Tennent bent his head, and the shadow on his face grew darker.

"Estelle," he said, "speak to me. Is it possible that you never knew—that you believed me dead all this time?"

"I have been married, and am a widow," was the response.

"And your husband," said he; "my cousin and dear friend, Ralph Tennent—"

He paused and hesitated.

The lady put up one hand to her cheek, and looked at him with eyes calmly speculative.

"Yes, my husband," said she. "What of him?"

"He knew before he married you that the report was false," replied Bertie.

"You mistake," said she, calmly; but a dark flush passed across her face, and her hands moved so as to shade it still more from him.

"I wrote to Ralph myself, Estelle," said Bertie; "I begged that if you had heard the report he would go to you and contradict it.

"I did not dare to write to you. Your friends had forbidden it; you yourself had forbidden it; and besides I knew——"

"That a letter in your hand would never reach me," said she.

"Right; it never would have reached me. They were only too glad of any plea that could turn my thoughts from a poor soldier."

"Oh, Estelle," he said, faltering, "you gave me but one year of remembrance—one short year!"

"I gave my life to you, Bertie Tennent," she replied; "to any joy the world might have for others, I died when you did."

"Yet you married!" said he.

"Yes," she replied. "I married your cousin Ralph.

"He did not live very long; only three years.

"I am sorry he should have died with this treachery on his soul. I hope he is forgiven."

Her eyes wandered to a portrait on the opposite wall, but they did not linger there; they gave it a passing glance, and then came back and rested on the figure which still stood in shadow.

A momentary softness flitted over her face; a momentary cadence of appeal touched her voice.

"You would ask how I could marry him without love," she said. "But I never deceived your cousin.

"I told him I had no love for him; yet he urged me, and he was kind then.

"It seemed to me of little consequence where the remnant of my life should be spent; I did not think it would be long. I was mistaken you see."

A torrent of words broke from Bertie's lips; tremulous, tender, pleading love that had increased with years—wistful eagerness to atone for the chilly past, to fold her, his darling, the hope of youth and manhood, in the mantle of his love, through which, if storms must touch her, they should come but lightly.

It would be too much to say she never heard him.

She did hear him.

But not a feature of her face changed, no emotion, unless it was a sort of wondering pity, came into it.

"Poor Bertie!" she said.

He started at the words.

Pity stings us so bitterly from lips which we know are about to refuse an offered love.

And Bertie knew what she meant.

"I have no love to give," said the lady, sadly.

"It died out with you.

"My heart is turned to stone, I think. If I had known you were living it might have been different; I cannot say. You—you are not——"

Something in Bertie's face stopped her.

It grew deadly white, even to his lips.

He came forward out of the shadow; he bent one knee—not to her, but that he might approach her on her low seat—and he lifted one of her hands to his lips.

"Estelle, good-bye," said he. "Though my own dream is over, try to care for some one.

"An unloving woman is a monster on this beautiful earth."

She started forward with a smothered cry, but Bertie never heard it; he was gone.

In that moment, while he knelt, looking up at her, she had seen his face in a great gleam of firelight, and knew that the same soul shone out from his eyes; knew that the old ideal she had clung to and glorified was a delusion; it never had been Bertie; it was a lay figure, robed in such colors as her fancy had delighted to throw about it.

Mrs Tennent bent down and covered the eyes that had not wept for years.

She then rose and walked up to her husband's portrait.

She fancied that even on those senseless lips there was a look of accusing sternness.

"Oh, how could you do it?" she said in her sudden passion.

"I was a good wife to you, I was indeed!

"If you can hear me say so, you know that it is true.

"For all your cruel neglect and jealousy, and bitter injustice, I have never before forgiven you.

"Now that this great treachery is added thereto, I forgive you.

"Ralph, be at peace."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Tennent had a writing-table before her, and packets of old letters were scattered about it.

Yellow they were, and scented with the scent which lingers in old papers; and the woman began putting them all away except one.

She had found what she wanted, but it seemed she shrank a little from opening this packet.

Her fingers lingered over the string that tied it.

A tremulous movement of her lips betrayed that these old papers, whatever they were, had power to strangely move her.

Well, they were nothing but old Valentines—foolish affairs, written and sent by hands hardly removed from childish, simple enough to have provoked a smile from indifferent lips.

But Mrs. Tennent did not smile over them.

The fragments of a withered rose brought a sudden pallor to her face.

She remembered putting it by to keep, as she had vowed, for ever.

Then came a copy of verses in a man's handwriting.

No doubt they were halting and trite—we will not look over her shoulder to read them—but to her they were instinct once more with the spirit and the hopes of the time when first she read them with shining eyes.

That time was coming back to her from under the crust of imprisoning ice; the world was changed since yesterday, for yesterday she would have spurned these useless records of a dead past, and put them from her.

She sat there for a long time thinking: and at last she took up a pen and wrote that Valentine which was never sent. There were only two words in it—

"Come back."

* * * * * * *

When Bertie left his old love, there was none of the contempt in his heart which she had imagined him as feeling.

He was smarting under the sting of a keen and cruel disappointment, but he did not blame her.

He had now to go out into the world again, a lonely and disappointed man, to live out his cheerless life as best he might.

In the mist of such thoughts, the memory of his last speech to her flashed upon him suddenly with strong dismay and remorse.

He had called her a monster!

How was it possible for him to use such words!

Would she ever forgive them?

If Bertie could have known what those words had helped to do—if he could have known about the little slip of paper which was being folded for him—things might have worn a different aspect.

But she never sent it.

She could not.

The act rose up and reproached her as unwomanly.

She had sent him away, and there was nothing more to be done.

What chance had she missed that could never return in all her dreary, self-absorbed life?

What chances remained to her now that she was awake, and saw how poor a thing her life had been?

Mrs. Tennent looked round with a shiver, when a servant came in to close the shutters.

When she was gone the lady held out a slip of paper and bent over the flame with it.

It was the poor little Valentine!

As she watched it curl up, a sudden thrill of consciousness stirred her pulses as they had not been stirred for years.

She knew that strange footstep in the hall, and knew that he had come back as she burnt his summons.

She never turned from the fire to meet him.

She saw the words come out on that bit of tinder, as you may have seen burnt words come out again to mock you. Did he see them?

"Estelle, I am here to pray your forgiveness for my rough words. Oh, Estelle! you and I should part friends, if we can be nothing more."

He held out his hand imploringly: then Estelle turned the face over which so wonderful a light had come toward him. "Bertie—mine!"

A GOOD WIFE.—The grandest treasure it is possible for a man to possess on earth is a good wife. The poorest investment he can ever make is a worthless one. Personal adornments may please the eye of the vulgar, but it will not hide a false heart. She may cloak herself for a brief season in the garment of hypocrisy, but sooner or later it shall come to judgement. Pure affection is a priceless jewel, the embodiment of earthly bliss. In the true union of husband and wife money should not enter into the consideration. The happiest homes the world ever knew have been bought and paid for by mutual earning after marriage. The true and good wife adorns her home and makes it a little heaven. It is the abode of a royal family, a king and queen dwell within. There are no false gods in such a household.

M. S.

THE man who began keeping a diary at the first of the year is still keeping it, but he now uses the pages as cigarette papers.

"Could not Have Lived Many Days."

The following testimonial from Hon. H. P. Vrooman, of the law firm of Vrooman & Carey, Topeka, Kansas, is of so direct and positive a character that it can hardly fail to convince the most skeptical that in Compound Oxygen there resides a marvelous healing and restoring power:

"TOPEKA, KANSAS, June 27th, 1882.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: Gentlemen: In the interest of suffering humanity I send you for publication an account of the almost miraculous cure which your Compound Oxygen performed in the case of my wife. Her condition was a very peculiar one. She had a complication of diseases, Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, or Liver Complaint, as her physicians have always called it, and general nervous prostration. If you will refer to my description of her case you will see that she was suffering from severe attacks of colic and vomiting. These attacks first came once in two or three months, when she would vomit herself almost to death's door. Each time the attack came at shorter intervals and were more severe, until she became so weak and exhausted that we are sure she could not have lived many days longer had not your Oxygen Treatment come just as it did and saved her, for the colic and vomiting had become almost perpetual, and her strength and life were nearly exhausted. We could see a change in her condition from the first inhalation, for she never had so severe at attack of colic afterward and had more strength to endure the pain and retching. She continued to gain steadily, and for the past four years has had no severe attacks. If she is threatened with one she takes an inhalation or two and so escapes any severe paroxysms. I think it but right that we should make known to others what Compound Oxygen has done for us, and therefore send this statement for publication.

"Very respectfully,

"H. P. VROOMAN."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

Kitty's Lover.

BY M. W. PAXTON.

JOHN PATTERSON was driving his venerable horse slowly homeward from the little village of Brierton.

They were passing the low-lying farm of Nathan Wynne, and John.

Without daring for the life of him to turn his head, he rolled his great black eyes towards the substantial brick farm-house, in the hope of catching a glimpse of Kitty, the farmer's comely daughter.

But, though John kept his eyes turned in their sockets till his head ached fearfully, he saw nothing of Kitty.

John was desperately in love with Kitty Wynne and had been for many day, and yet he dared not tell her so.

He generally managed to bow to her when he met her, but even that always brought a great lump into his throat, and turned his face the color of a peony.

As John passed over a little knoll and out of sight of the house, the farmer's great orchard—the trees ready to break down under the weight of ripe fruit—was before him.

"What a while that miller kept me waiting for my grist. I'm as hungry as a bear. I must have a pocketful of those yellow beauties to eat on my way home."

And with this John drew rein, scaled the fence, and struck out for his favorite tree.

He knew as well as Farmer Wynne, did where the best apples were to be found.

John had filled his pockets, and was about to retrace his steps to the wagon, when he caught the flutter of a pink dress through a cluster of trees, and heard Kitty's merry voice in conversation with someone.

[illegible] through the trees John recognized Kitty's companion to be her cousin, Hetty [illegible] the village.

They were coming directly toward the tree under which he was standing.

What in the world [illegible]?"

He did not fancy running away like a detected thief, and his trembling knees and palpitating heart warned him that if he would not die then and there he must seek a place of concealment.

To add to John's embarrassment, he was conscious that he was not in the least "fixed up."

He was in his every day garb.

To make the matter worse, his clothes were covered with flour, which had somehow got on while he was waiting for his grist at the mill.

John glanced up into the tree, but the foliage was not thick, and there was little chance of a hiding place there.

Near the tree was an inverted hogshead which had been used as a stand to pick apples from the tree.

The hogshead had once been used as a temporary dog-kennel, and the hole, perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, had been made to admit the dog.

There was no time to be lost.

The hogshead afforded the only retreat within the trembling young man's reach, and he was not long in squeezing himself inside of it.

The girls came on and sat down on the grass right where John, by stooping down and peering through the circular hole, could watch them.

Kitty, he thought, looked prettier and brighter than ever in her pink dress, and the sun, which was setting in the west, made her brown hair as golden as the apples in her lap.

Kitty held up an apple by the stem saying—

"Name it, Hetty; but Will Joyce, nor Jerry Davis, nor——"

"There, stop; the apple is named, said Hetty, merrily.

Kitty pared and cut her apple, carefully saving all the seeds.

Then she has them all in her chubby hand, she held them out for Hetty to spell the name.

Touching each seed with her finger, Hetty spelled—

"John Patterson."

"It spells exactly. Why, Kitty, what are you blushing so for? One would think that fellow's name was spelled out in your heart in indelible letters, by the way you look."

Kitty said nothing, though she looked uncommonly sober for her, John thought, and he wondered if the girls didn't hear his heart beat.

He thought, too, that Kitty was angry that anyone would suppose that she cared for him.

How humble he felt; he could scarce tell why; his cheeks burned with wounded pride.

"Now, really, Kitty," said her cousin, with a bantering laugh, "if you don't drive away that forlorn look, I shall think you care more than your pride will let you acknowledge for that great booby, who hasn't the courage, nor ever will have, to ask you to have him."

"Hush, Hetty!" said Kitty, as she rose to her feet, and her cheeks glowed with a flush of deepest crimson.

"You do not know John Patterson as we do or you would not utter what you have.

"He is not awkward at home with his mother.

"You ought to see how kind and considerate he is to her.

"Father drops in there often, and he says there isn't a more noble-hearted man to be found.

"John is [illegible] what he does with his money? [illegible] says he is paying the mortgage of his mother's farm, and that when he has a few pounds more than are necessary for a payment, he expends them for books.

"Mark my words, Hetty, John Patterson will yet be a man that you will be proud to class among your friends.

"He has intellect of no common order.

"It's only his great bashfulness that keeps him back now.

"Now, Kitty, you are too absurd," and Hetty laughed as though she thought her companion in jest. "Well, it is leap year; you had better offer yourself to this paragon. I don't believe he will refuse."

"I know no one whom I would sooner marry—so there!"

And Kitty's face was scarlet with blushes as she made this frank acknowledgment.

But John was not looking at her now.

He was crouched in the most remote part of the hogshead, trying by various gestures to drive away a huge mastiff which threatened to make his whereabouts known.

The sun had gone down, and John's hungry horse had quietly walked off home, and still the two girls chatted away.

"Well, Bruno, what have you got in there? I'm sure you've been whining and pawing there for half an hour at least."

And Hetty came forward and patted the dog's hairy back with her hands.

"Why, Kitty, there is some dreadful animal in here. What a pair of eyes it has! Thank my nerves, if Uncle and Charlie are gone, I can fire a gun. I'll soon know what that horrid creature is. In my opinion, here is where your geese have gone to. I'll warrant the ground in there is strewn with bones.

"You and Bruno keep watch while I run to the house for a gun."

Hetty rattled all this off in a breathless [illegible], and before Kitty had time to look at the "dreadful animal," her cousin was on her way to the house.

What was John to do now? Stay where he was, or crawl from his lair like a Hottentot from his hut, and right before Kitty's eyes too?

The mischievous dog began to wag his tail and whine with renewed animation, and John thought the gun must be coming surely.

Life was sweeter to him now since hearing what Kitty had said of himself than ever before, and creeping to the opening, he began getting out.

Kitty, who was peering anxiously in, saw that "the creature" was moving—that it was coming towards her—and giving a spasmodic little scream, she sank helplessly to the ground and covered her face with her apron.

Kitty's distress made John for the moment forget that he was the most bashful man alive, and surely the arms which Kitty felt encircling her waist were not those of a wild beast.

Knowing this, it did not need a great amount of courage to enable her to uncover her face, and see that the great eyes which had so frightened her belonged to John Patterson.

It was strange that neither she nor John, during the half hour they tarried together [illegible] Hetty, or [illegible].

[illegible] Hetty's boasted nerve, in connection with the use of that weapon again, had not the young lady herself two years after told a certain happy bridegroom and his equally happy bride of the incident, and informed them that she knew all the time that John was in the hogshead, as she saw him put himself there, and that her part of the conversation under the apple-tree was indulged in solely with a view to encourage the bashful lover to propose.

Mrs. John Patterson scolded her cousin bridesmaid for her duplicity; but for all that it was plain to be seen she was not angry, especially since Hetty had that very day acknowledged that she was proud to class her cousin's handsome husband among her friends.

◆

THE WOMEN WORKERS of Paris no matter how menial their labor, are scrupulously clean. Two fifths of their number wear caps and one rarely sees a dirty one. See them helping to sweep the streets with big, heavy brooms made of twigs.

Other women, hard-looking but tidy, are seen waiting about for someone to hire them.

One woman sets down a heavy basket of bread and takes a loaf in her apron, and whose ends are tied over one shoulder. In her hands are three of those long, slender loaves that are cut up at the restaurants.

The loaves are about two yards long, looking like poles or staves.

She wears no bonnet, and to rest herself she sets the end of the loaves down on the pavement.

We once saw a woman fast asleep behind the little box on which she cleaned shoes. Women walk the streets and knit. At many of the restaurants are women waiters dressed in black, with white caps and handkerchiefs.

In yonder street is a woman frying potatoes very nicely. She has a stove where she burns coke. She sells her potatoes for one penny, or even a halfpenny, and she sell a good many at breakfast and dinner-time.

She has a recess in the house front, and pays five-pence a day rent. Hundreds of women push handcarts through the streets.

Here is one loaded with flowers, there another with meat and fish.

In the corner of a court sits a woman carding wool for mattresses.

They open the mattress, card the wool, and put it in a clean cover.

At the grocer's one is waited on by a woman, at the tobacconist's, and at the druggist's Mrs. Madame officiates, crocheting in her leisure hours. And so it is all over Paris.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

NEVER trifle with the affections of a man who loves you, nor admit of marked attentions from one whose affection you cannot return.

If you see clearly that you have become an object of especial regard to a gentleman, and do not wish to encourage his addresses, treat him honorably and humanely, as you hope to be used by the person who may engage your own heart.

Do not keep him longer in suspense, but take the earliest opportunity of carefully making known to him your feelings on the subject.

This may be done in many different ways.

A refined ease of manner will satisfy him, if he is [illegible] discernment, that he is not wanted.

Should your natural disposition render this difficult, show that you wish to avoid his company, and he will withdraw; but, if even this is difficult—and who can lay down rules for another?—allow an opportunity for an explanation to occur.

You can then give him a polite and decisive answer; and be assured that, in whatever manner you convey your sentiments to him, if he be a gentleman, he will trouble you no further.

Let it never be said of you that you permit the attentions of an honorable man when you have no heart to give him, or that you have trifled with the affections of one whom you esteem, but do not intend to marry.

It may be that his preference gratifies, and his conversation interests you—that you are flattered by the attentions of a man that some of your companions admire, and that, in truth, you hardly know your own mind on the subject.

This will not excuse you.

Every young woman ought to know the state of her own heart, and yet the happiness and future prospects of many an excellent man have been sacrificed by such unprincipled conduct.

Remember, if a gentleman makes you an offer of marriage, you have no right to mention it.

If you possess either generosity or gratitude for offered affection, you will never betray a secret which does not belong to you.

It is, as a general rule, sufficiently painful to be refused, without incurring the additional mortification of being pointed out as a rejected lover.

If, on the contrary, you encourage the addresses of a deserving man, behave honorably and sensibly.

Do not lead him about, as if in triumph, nor take the least advantage of the ascendency you have gained by playing with his feelings.

Do not seek for occasions to tease or test him, that you may try his temper.

Neither affect indifference, nor provoke lovers' quarrels for the foolish pleasure of reconciliation.

On your conduct during courtship will very much depend the estimation in which you will be held by your husband during after life.

Above all things, do not accept valuable presents from a gentleman (other than a near relative) unless you are willing to acknowledge him as your future husband; and do not have any religious bickerings, nor allow any hopes or sufferings in which you cannot share.

M. S.

◆

FOR CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—First, catch your lover.

Try to get pretty well acquainted with him before you take him for life.

Unless you intend to support him, find out whether he earns enough to support you.

Don't make up your mind that he is an angel.

Don't palm yourself off on him as one, either.

Don't let him spend his salary on you; that right should be reserved till after marriage.

If you have conscientious scruples against marrying a man with a mother, say so in time, that he may get rid of her to suit you, or rid of you to oblige her, as he thinks best.

If you object to society meetings and tobacco, it is better to come out with your objections now than to reserve them for curtain lectures hereafter.

If your adorer happens to fancy a certain shade of hair, don't color or bleach to oblige him. Remember your hair belongs to you, and he doesn't.

In love affairs always keep your eyes wide open, so that when the right man comes along you may see him.

M. S.

◆

KEEPING IN FIRE.—A common trouble in country blacksmith shops is the going out of the fire while the smith is doing work away from it. This annoyance can be prevented by keeping at hand a box containing sawdust. When the fire seems to be out throw a handful of sawdust on the coals, and a good blaze will quickly follow. This may seem a small matter, but there are many who will find the suggestion a useful one.

◆

BOLTS.—A simple bolt has been invented by a Londoner having for its object the fastening of doors of theatres and other public buildings so that they can be opened by mere pressure against the door from the inside, and not at all from the outside, dispensing with all other fastenings, which cause so many accidents in cases of panic. One advantage is, that being once unfastened it cannot be rebolted by accident.

New Publications.

"The Story of a Woman's Life—Erring, Yet Noble," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is a novel that deals with the hard facts of life in a style of minute naturalism, and as a thorough analysis of a woman's career cannot be equalled. The interest commences with the opening sentence, and is steadily kept up to the last. Exciting situations are plentiful, and thrilling episodes follow each other with almost bewildering rapidity. The plot is powerful and excellent, and the character sketching graphic in the highest degree, while entire originality marks the book. The scene is chiefly laid in New York, of which city in its darker phases of life pictures are given, that some may call too true and plain. The book is written for a purpose, and though opinion may be divided, we think it calculated to do a great deal of good. Price in paper 75 cents, in cloth $1.25.

"Notes on Ingersoll," by Rev. Louis A. Lambert. The author of this little book completely turns the tables on the doughty Colonel. We commend the volume to all who would see the assumptions and crudities and mistakes of Ingersoll turned inside out, upside down, end for end, and over and over. It ought to be in every Christian home where the English language is spoken. Price 25 cents. Published by St. Stephens' Hall Publication Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The *Ledger* Almanac, given to its subscribers, is a very valuable little book. It contains much general and local information, and will be carefully preserved for reference.

MAGAZINES.

The February number of *Demorest's Monthly* is both instructive and entertaining. The serial by Mrs. Champney is continued, and shorter stories are contributed by well known authors. Jenny June contributes Life in New York, and the various departments are well filled. The Pompeian Maiden, a fine steel engraving, forms the frontispiece, and there are other good illustrations.

The opening paper in the *Magazine of American History* for February, by George Cary Eggleston, is [illegible] Presidents. Dr. Cyrus Thomas follows with an essay on the Houses of the Mound Builders. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., contributes an eloquent Tribute to George W. Lane, late president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Professor Edward E. Salisbury contributes the first of a series of [illegible] Connecticut. [illegible] Papers [illegible] Sir Henry Clinton, under the editorship of Edward F. De Lancey [illegible]. The departments of Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies and Book Notices are [illegible]. This number of the Magazine is notably strong. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

To students and readers of the French language, we can heartily commend the monthly journal of literature and grammar entitled *Le* [illegible], published and edited by [illegible], Roxbury, Mass. [illegible] variety of interesting and valuable matter, particularly [illegible] for the progress and improvement of [illegible] French. Price $2 per year.

Mastery; the young folks illustrated weekly magazine was never better than at present. It contains full and clear instructions how a boy or girl may do hundreds of wonderful things, and is altogether a most valuable publication. Published 28 Beekman street, New York. Price $2.00 per year.

In the *Magazine of Art* for February are the following articles, all more or less illustrated with numerous artistic engravings, ranging from full-page [illegible]: A Peasant Home; Pictures of Cats; An American Landscape Painter, Charles Henry Miller; [illegible] Works, Persias and Glycera; [illegible] The Lower Thames; Love Among the [illegible]; [illegible] Two Busts of Victor Hugo; [illegible] and Hilda, etc. Cassell & Co., 739 Broadway, New York. Single numbers 35 cents.

Many noted names appear in the table of contents of *The Century* for February. [illegible] Head of [illegible] articles are, Dante, by Miss [illegible] Clarke; Gustave Courbet, Artist and Communist, by [illegible] America, by [illegible] Keats, which has a full-page portrait; Mrs. Alice Meynell tells How Edwin Drood was Illustrated, an article that reveals considerable of the mystery of Dickens' unfinished story. [illegible] writes of "The Princes of the House of Orleans". The two serials are continued, and there is a short story entitled "A First Love Letter." The poets of the number include Austin Dobson, Robert Browning, [illegible] and others. The Century Company, New York.

Our Young Folks.

MAGGIE AND FRITZ.

BY PIPKIN.

THE old farm-house stood silent and peaceful in the rich mellow sunshine of a fine afternoon.

Dame Turell, its thrifty, energetic mistress, was allowing herself, after a hard morning's churning, the unusual luxury of an afternoon nap.

Her husband was away on the farm; and even Susie, the strong, rough, farm-house servant, had carried the churns and milk-pails out into the orchard to scour, rather than stay in the heated atmosphere of the low old fashioned kitchen.

And thus it came about that little Maggie, the heroine of our tale, found herself alone and somewhat at a loss for employment.

Maggie was not quite at home yet in her country quarters, for she had only come from the big city on a visit to her grandparents two days before.

She had been sent out of town to escape the dry, dusty heat of the great city, which were making her cheeks pale and her pretty eyes dull and listless, and already the country air had so improved her in appearance that her grandfather declared he could not believe that she was the same child who had arrived so pale and weary.

It had been a long journey, and the little girl would have felt exceedingly lonely without her father and mother, who were not able to come, if her grandmother had not kindly invited her to bring Fritz, her favorite dog, to take care of her upon the road.

You may imagine what a comfort it was to Maggie when she had quite lost sight of her parents waving their good-byes to her from the crowded platform, and the train had steamed out of the station, to throw her arms round Fritz's neck, and to feel that she was not going away without taking some living remembrance of her own home-life with her.

And then what a delightful companion he had proved on the journey—always ready for game, and never cross.

It was certainly well worth the expense of his dog-ticket, Maggie decided in her own mind, to secure such an amusing fellow-traveler for the long tedious three hours which elapsed before the train puffed into the little country station, where her grandfather was waiting quietly in his old-fashioned gig to receive her.

But it was not of all this that Maggie was thinking now as she rose lazily from the floor, where she had been lying without a book since dinner, and thrust her now rosy little face out of the low open window to smell the sweet old-fashioned flowers which were blooming just below.

Nay, rather, she was thinking what she could do to amuse herself until her grandfather, who was her devoted companion, should come home.

She had been to the village school that morning, for her grandmother had no idea of little Maggie being idle, even if she had been sent into the country for a change, and the green baize bag, which the old lady had lent her to carry her books in, was still hanging on the back of the door where the girl had flung it down in a hurry when she ran in, hot and thirsty, before dinner, to beg for a glass of milk.

She had gone straight into the little parlor expecting to see her grandmother, but instead only found Fritz, amusing himself after his mischievous fashion by pulling the feathers out of the new shuttlecock bought for her by her grandfather the day before at the village shop, which was post office, ironmonger's, toy shop, and grocer's, all in one.

All at once it struck Maggie that she would take Fritz for a run in the river-meadows—a portion of the farm-lands which lay on the bank of the Bridgewater, a pretty little winding river, from which the farm itself took its name.

There he might enjoy not only a good scamper over the grass, but a cool bathe and swim.

Now, I am bound to confess that so far Fritz had been somewhat of a failure at Bridgewater Farm, for although he was always considered an exceedingly well-behaved dog at home, even Maggie, devoted mistress as she was, could not shut her eyes to the fact that since she had brought him down into the country, his behavior had been anything but satisfactory.

To begin with, he had killed one of her grandmother's favorite bantam cocks on the very first evening of their arrival, and, although he had been kept strictly tied up ever since, he had made such frantic raids on the poultry whenever he had been let out, that Maggie was afraid to take him anywhere about the farm premises without putting on a leading-string.

Even now, when she was only going to take him down to the river-side, she was obliged first, for safety's sake, to fasten round his silky neck the soft old ribbon which served her for leader, for although the meadows were safe enough in themselves, she knew that they would first have to pass through a dangerous corner of the stock-yard, where not only chickens, but poultry of all sorts and sizes were running about in the most tempting profusion.

Fritz, like a sensible dog, submitted quietly to the disgrace which he had brought upon himself, and the two made a pretty picture as they faced each other with smiling faces, for some dogs, you must know, and Fritz was one of them, can smile almost as pleasantly as their masters and mistresses.

Fritz was on a chair, and Maggie standing just in front of him, fastening on his ribbon, and trying in vain to look severe all the while that her laughing, sunshiny face showed, in the most tell-tale manner, that she thought him the dearest dog in the world.

Having arranged the knots to her satisfaction, she snatched up her hat, which was all she needed in the way of outdoor attire, and then, passing lightly through the hall, for fear of waking her grandmother, she led her favorite out.

Having safely escaped the dangers and temptations of the poultry yard, Maggie and her four-footed companion then made their way through the old-fashioned kitchen garden, where the flowers grew luxuriantly on each side of the broad centre path; past the hives, where the little girl was afraid to linger because the bees did not seem altogether to approve of strangers.

On through a small green door in the moss-covered wall, which led out into a narrow lane only used by the farmer's carts.

And so on over a few stiles and gates, which Maggie thought delightful climbing, into the broad, spreading, park-like meadows which bordered the banks of the rippling little Bridgewater.

To the child fresh from the narrow streets and dingy squares of a not-at-all fashionable part of the city, there was something irresistibly delightful in the sense of openness and freedom which it gave her merely to look around and to know that she could run hither and thither exactly as fancy took her.

But one little obstacle she had overlooked, and that was Fritz's antipathy to cows, and indeed to any horned creature.

The first field they entered was perfectly empty, save for an unoffending donkey and a couple of skittish colts, who took no more notice of Fritz than to throw up their frisky young heels in the air whenever the dog scampered over in their direction.

Maggie had taken no one in her confidence when she set off for the water-meadows (as the fields by the river were called,) or she would have been warned, and most likely forbidden, to enter the one where the farmer's new black bull was grazing.

But knowing nothing of this, and seeing only a very handsome creature quietly cropping the grass, the child, in her innocence, clambered over the stile, and, with her dog racing about in front of her, sauntered on.

Very soon Mr. Bull began to raise his handsome head and eye the pair who were advancing so unsuspiciously toward him.

Maggie, who was dressed in a dark-red frock, with white pinafore fluttering in the summer breeze, and a light straw hat upon her head, made a charming little patch of color as she moved gaily across the smooth green surface of the grass, while Fritz, that naughty, mischievous dog, was almost, in his own way, as picturesque as his tiny mistress; but unfortunately Mr. Bull did not seem to regard the matter in this light.

Quietly watched he them, but with an angry light gathering in his eyes.

Fritz no sooner perceived that the bull was watching them, than, moved by a spirit of mischief or bravado, he rushed straight at the beautiful angry creature, at the same time barking in the most aggravating manner.

This, of course, was more than enough for the bull, who only waited for a pretext to drive the invaders off his ground, and, with a bellow which Maggie never forgot, suddenly put down his head and rushed furiously in their direction.

Poor little frightened child! how she ran then, flying over the grass like a young fawn, and only reaching the stile just in time to throw herself over it, she knew not how, as the infuriated animal dashed against it exactly one moment too late!

But safe on the other side of the stile, panting and breathless with her run and her fright, Maggie had no idea of abandoning her companion, although he had wrought all the mischief. Standing on the lower step, she looked anxiously for her dog.

"Fritz, Fritz, where are you?" she cried.

But no welcome bark answered her appeal, for Fritz was lying wounded in a far corner of the field, where the bull had tossed him as the faithful creature had rushed in front of him to the loving endeavor to shield his young mistress.

Then Maggie saw that there was nothing to be done but to go off for help, and flying back to the farm-yard was fortunate enough to find two of the farm laborers, who, at her entreaties, armed themselves with pitchforks, and went to the rescue of the poor wounded animal.

The bull apparently had time to cool down, for when Maggie breathlessly watched the laborers entering the field, he merely looked at [illegible] fearless, and with a [illegible] toss of the head, calmly turned his back upon them, and walked off as speedily as his dignity would permit in the direction of the river.

Then Maggie could control herself no longer, but lightly bounding over the stile she ran on quickly toward her poor Fritz, and was the first to reach his side.

He proved to be somewhat badly gored.

But loving care can work wonders, and it was not long before he was running about again the same as usual, and with only an ugly scar under his long silky hair, to tell the tale of his last and most dangerous escapade.

HOW WE MET.

BY M. W. PAXTON.

MISS GUSHINGFORD had invited me to a dancing party, at the Gushingford House.

Miss Gushingford had been very attentive—and so had all the other young ladies of my acquaintance, ever since my old uncle Abijah Borrell had graciously seen fit to die and leave me his fortune.

But I was fond of society, and all the pretty young ladies of my acquaintance were to be there.

So I wrote a note of acceptance, and told Pearson, my man—who was a great deal better-looking than I was, and much more of a fine gentleman—to look over my wardrobe, and tell me what was required for the grand occasion.

Pearson, less exacting than usual, informed me that I was all right, save for a white-watered satin waistcoat and a pair of boots.

"Boots, Pearson!"

"Boots, sir. Your dress pair is decidedly worn at the toes, and not the last cut either."

Pearson was inexorable; so, unwillingly enough, I betook myself to the man of awl and last.

That is how I came to be sitting on the sofa at the shoe shop, with the foreman winding his tape measure in all sorts of fantastic shapes round my feet, and writing down cabalistic figures in a certain greasy little memorandum book that he carried in his breast pocket, as if it had been a love favor.

And all the while I thought of corns and bunions, which, in my case, are the inevitable concomitants of a new pair of boots.

And all for Miss Gushingford's party.

To be sure Katty Cleveland was to be there, and Nellie Hale, and the two pretty Nicholson twins, with their large blue eyes, and [illegible] that she meant to marry Harry Borrell (meaning me,) or she would know the reason why.

But I was getting rather tired of the society girls, who flitted around me like crinolineal moths around an unlucky candle.

There was a certain sameness to all their pretty speeches, a wearisome monotony in the style they wore their hair, and

"Will you be kind enough to show me a pair of walking boots, sir? Stout, if you please, and cheap."

I looked up in some surprise.

The pretty girl with the red-winged bird in her hat, and the carefully-mended gloves, had evidently mistaken me for one of the shopmen.

She saw her error in an instant, and colored to the very roots of her hair.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," she faltered.

"Not in the least," said I, feeling quite as awkward on my part, while the dapper shopman rushed forward to take her order.

I could not hear what she said to him—I was too busy in watching the pure, delicate outlines of her profile, and the graceful droop of certain auburn tendrils of hair, which had escaped from beneath the brim of her straw hat, and hung over her forehead.

But I could hear the shopman answer, rather superciliously—

"Five shillings! I don't think we have a pair of walking boots in the shop for that price.

"I'll look, however; perhaps there may be a pair of misfits, or something of that kind left over."

My cheek burned involuntarily at the insolence of the fellow's tone.

But presently he returned.

"Yes," he said, more graciously; "there is a pair we can let you have for that price.

"But we shall lose money on it. Too short. Perhaps, though, they might suit you."

The shoes were tried on, and, to the surprise of the man, proved a perfect fit.

I couldn't help seeing all this, you perceive, while I was having my measure taken.

"And I may have them for five shillings?" said the soft, low voice.

"Well, yes—I suppose. Being a misfit, we're willing to sell them at a reasonable price."

I began to hate the puppy of a shopman.

How dared he patronize that pretty girl after such a lordly fashion?

"I will take them," she said, quietly; and put her hand in her pocket for her purse.

Evidently it was not there.

She rose, trembling, to her feet, while a deep color suffused her face, then sat down again.

"It is gone!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "My purse.

"Someone has picked my pocket. Oh, what shall I do!"

I rose up, in my stocking feet, forgetful of all but the velvet-eyed damsel.

"Allow me," said I, awkwardly proffering a five-shilling piece

"Only as a loan, until you see fit to repay it.

"As you would take it from your own brother."

She hesitated a moment.

"I will take it, sir," said she, "in the same spirit in which you offer it.

"But I will repay you to-morrow, if you will kindly give me your address."

The five shilling came back the next day, but I thought frequently of the velvet eyes, the golden tendrils of hair, and the red rose of a mouth.

"If there was any probability of ever seeing that girl again," I said to myself, "I should think that I had fallen in love with her."

I did see her again, and at Miss Gushingford's party, although she was not among the invited ones.

I had left the croquet-ground to get a glass of water for Dora Nicholson, the prettier and more piquant of the twins, and was passing across the hall to the refreshment room when I heard the sharp, shrill voice of Miss Gushingford's French maid addressing someone in the little blue-trimmed boudoir on the left of the entrance.

"I tell you, miss, it is not the convenience you to pay.

"It is that you must wait!

"Ah; what a country that all the work-people do persecute of the ladies for money, money, money!

"You shall come yourself again."

"But, Mademoiselle Sylphine, this is the third time I have come, and——"

I stepped forward with a throb of glad surprise at my heart.

It was the voice of the pretty young girl I had seen in the shoe-shop, the girl I had dreamed and thought about ever since.

"Sylphine," said I, a little impetuously, "call your mistress here."

The arrogant Frenchwoman cowered into abject servility at once.

Miss Gushingford came, smiling and gracious, but her countenance fell a little when she saw the young girl, who, with varying color and drooping head, was awaiting her appearance.

"Marian Leslie, this is too much. I will pay you your bill, but it is the last dress you shall make for me!" she cried, angrily.

And then, turning abruptly, she saw me.

"Oh, Mr. Borrell, I beg your pardon; but these dressmakers are so annoying.

"She torments me for the trifle of money I owe her——"

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Not over twenty-five shillings."

"Perhaps, Miss Gushingford, it seems more than a trifle to her," said I, coolly.

Miss Melicent bit her lip, but she drew out her little gold-clasped portemonnaie and paid the sum at once.

Then she rang the bell.

"George," to the footman, "show this young person out at once.

"And when another such seeks admittance on my reception days, I shall hope you will have sufficient judgment not to admit them."

"Stay," said I, quietly.

"I will go, too, and carry Miss Leslie's basket for her."

"Mr. Borrell! Is she an acquaintance of yours?"

"Yes," said I, quietly, "she is a friend of mine."

So I took Marian Leslie home, although she cried a little behind her veil, and protested that I should not go farther than about a quarter of a mile from her residence.

That was the beginning of it—and the end of it was that we were married three months afterwards.

Miss Melicent Gushingford calls it a bad match, but Marian and I are quite satisfied.

"When did you first take a fancy to me, love?" says my young wife to me one day

And I answer her—

"When you were buying walking-boots in the shoe-shop."

* * *

SPITTING FOR LUCK.—I heard of a nurse the other day, says an English writer, a Caithness woman, who spat after some one had looked at the baby, in order, she explained, to avert the "evil eye." In the Hartz district of Germany if the cows are driven before the door of a witch the herd must spit thrice. Fishwomen spit for luck on their hansel. A boxer, even nowadays, spits on his hands, and a smith shoeing a refractory horse takes the same precaution. Scot, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," recommends spitting into the shoe of one's right foot to insure safety from magic.

* * *

MOULD.—To prevent mould on jelly, melt paraffin, and pour over it.

* * *

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to the depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE RUIN AND THE ROSE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

From the old abbey's mouldering walls
Luxuriant blooms the rose,
And as each crumbling fragment falls
Another blossom blows.

The sinking parapet is graced
By summer's loveliest queen
The sculptured arch, by time defaced,
Is crowned with ivy green.

Thus, from the ruins of a heart
By much affliction torn,
Oft will the fresh affections start,
And ope, like flowers at morn.

So friendship springs from stony care,
Love from the clefts of pain,
To cast a youthful gladness where
No native joys remain.

Around yon column's shattered crest
Hovers a faint perfume;
The rose, from ruin bred, has blest
Her cradle and her tomb.

So, when the creeping foot of time
Brings years with troubles on,
Floats in some memory of our prime—
Some breath of pleasures gone.

Till, from the visions of the past,
Just such a freshness grows
As o'er these crumbling walls is cast
By summer's tender rose.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THIS popular festival observed by lovers, and honored by poets, from time immemorial, has no connection with the Saint whose name it bears, being, in all probability, of heathen origin.

. Indeed, it appears that long before St. Valentine was either born or thought of, the Roman youth drew names in honor of Juno Februata, on the 15th of this month.

On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed.

. Again, it has been suggested that the custom of choosing valentines originated in the following way:

During Carnival time, which usually happens about St. Valentine's Day, great numbers of knights assembled together in the various Courts of Europe to entertain the ladies with feasts and tournaments. when each lady made choice of a knight, who usually enlisted in her service for a whole year, during which period he promised to perform whatever was consistent with propriety.

One employment, we are informed, was the writing of verses full of sentiment—not that it was necessary for the heart to be at all concerned in the matter.

-Once more, there is an old tradition that on St. Valentine's Day birds choose their mates—a notion which is frequently alluded to by poets, and particularly by Chaucer, to which reference is also made in the "Midsummer Night's Dream:"

Good morrow, friends, St. Valentine is past:
Begin the wood-birds but to couple now—

the idea evidently being the same as that expressed by the Laureate, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

During the early part of the present century the popularity of St. Valentine's Day greatly declined; but within the last few years far more interest has been shown in its observance.

The manufacture and sale of valentines has become a distinct branch of trade; and much taste and artistic merit are shown in the production of the more costly ones. It appears that in days gone by the ridiculous caricatures and rhymes now anonymously sent were then unknown, but in their stead expensive presents were given. In that interesting record of domestic life in England in the reign of Charles II., "Pepy's Diary," we find some curious illustrations of the customs prevalent at that time. Married as well as single, ladies as well as gentlemen, drew for valentines, and so it often happened that lucky individuals were possessed of two valentines—the one whom they drew, and the one by whom they were drawn.

When a lady drew a valentine, a gentleman so drawn would have been deemed shabby if he did not accept the honor and responsibility—which was, however, frequently looked upon as a heavy tax, owing to the expense it entailed.

Thus, when in 1667 Pepy's took his wife for valentine, he wrote down the fact that it would cost him $25; but he consoled himself by another fact, that he must have spent as much "if we had not been valentine."

The outlay at the hands of princes and courtiers was often a serious matter. When the Duke of York was Miss Stewart's valentine, he gave her a jewel worth $4,000; in 1667 Lord Mandeville, being that lady's valentine, presented her with a $1,500 ring. The gifts of Pepys to his wife look small by the side of presents made by lovers to their ladies.

In 1669 the diarist was his cousin's valentine; straightway, he tells us, he went to the New Exchange, and bought her a pair of fashionable "green silk stockings, and gaiters, and shoe strings, and two pairs of gloves, all coming to about $7."

It would seem, moreover, that a man was not free from the pleasing pains of valentineship when the festival day was over. On Shrove Tuesday, March 3, 1663, after dinner, says Pepys, "Mrs. She showed me my name upon her breast as her valentine, which," he added, "will cost me $10."

This custom of drawing names by lots is still practiced in the South of Scotland on St. Valentine's Eve. The young people meet together and write the names of their acquaintances on several pieces of paper, placing those of the lads and lassies in separate bags apart. The girls draw from the former, the boys from the latter, three times in succession, returning the names after the first and second drawing. If one person takes out the same name three consecutive times, it is without fail that of the future husband or wife.

A simple method of arranging partners in days gone by was for the boy and girl who first met on the morning of the festival to take each other for valentines—a custom mentioned in Gay's poems, and probably alluded to in Ophelia's song:

Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

Most of the old customs associated with St. Valentine's Day, however, have fallen into disuse, and only a very few now linger on here and there.

T. F. T. D.

Grains of Gold.

One loses all the time he can employ better.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

When you introduce a moral lesson, let it be brief.

I fear God, and next to Him I fear him who fears Him not.

Conscience warns us as a friend before it punishes us as a judge.

Out of clothes out of countenance, out of countenance out of wit.

Weakness of character is the only defect which cannot be amended.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings.

One lie must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.

The soul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope.

Try to do your duty exactly, all the good you can, and let popularity take care of itself.

Intelligence despises nothing; takes hold of all things; converts all substances to its use.

Old age has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it by the deformity of vice.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some more by listening than by talking.

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.

The quantity of books in a library is often a cloud of witnesses of the ignorance of the owner.

To know you know that which you know, and to know you do not know what you do not know, is wisdom.

He is incapable of a truly good action who knows not the pleasure in contemplating the good actions of others.

The very best thing for you to do is to do the very best thing you know how. This is a hard rule to follow, but a safe one.

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.

The manner of your speaking is fully as important as the matter, as more people have ears to be tickled than understandings to judge.

False friends are like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunlight, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.

It is the neglect and abuse of Christianity by those who profess it, more than any real outside opposition to it, that hinders its speedy and complete triumph in the world.

Femininities.

Let no man value at a little price a virtuous woman's counsel.

Tastes make little difference in destiny after the wedding ring is on.

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affection.

To the ladies: Marriage is ever a mister-y; but anything is better than perpetual miss-ery.

Mobile, Alabama, has a Woman's Industrial Exchange, which is doing a very satisfactory business.

D. C. Lane, who shot at his mother-in-law, just to scare her, at San Jose, has been sent to jail for six months.

Mrs. R. B. Hayes is attaining new distinction as the owner of one of the best poultry yards west of the Alleghenies.

A Buffalo girl has already scored a leap year victory. She proposed to her young man that he propose, and he proposed.

The reason why a woman always adds a postscript to her letter is because she's bound to have the last word if she has to write it herself.

A gentleman who had been struck with a young lady's beauty, was determined to follow the injunction and "kiss the rod that smote him."

A Bostonian has just been arrested for marrying a dozen wives. He made a very creditable attempt to become the "hub" of the universe.

When Clara was asked what she would do if a nice young gentleman would ask her hand in marriage, she naively replied: "I don't think I'd no."

"You need better air," said the doctor to a poor but proud invalid lady of maiden age. "Ah, doctor, then please send me around some millionaire."

Did it ever occur to you how ashamed a pug dog must feel of himself when he has to be seen in company with a woman who is fool enough to lug him about?

A fashion journal says: "Bustles are coming to the front." If this is really so, it will be difficult to find out whether a woman is going out of church or in.

A young girl's name cannot be mentioned too seldom in the newspapers. In fact, twice in a lifetime is often enough, and one of them should be a funeral notice.

An Apache chief, visiting Washington, offered twenty-five ponies for a Treasury girl. Secretary Folger refused to take advantage of the red man's inexperience.

"Yes," said Mrs. Upperton, "I know the telephone is a great convenience, but I shall have it taken out of the house. The things are so dreadfully common, you know."

All of the women who die violent deaths are beautiful, according to the published accounts. This being true, the query, "How long will the supply last?" naturally presents itself.

Mrs. Piatt has written a poem to show that the only happy woman is dead. It may be possible that the only happy man living is her husband, but we shall not write a poem to prove it.

"Yes," said Fenderson, "Miss Forte plays beautifully. I don't know anything about music myself, but I know she's a splendid player, because all the other players say her music is just horrid."

A young Oil City lady recently visited New York, and when she returned home related how she stopped at a "palatable hotel and went up and down stairs in a cultivator." Her parents should cultivate her.

"There are 1,400,000,000 people upon the earth at present, according to the latest statistics," said Mrs. Smith, looking up from the paper. "Only think of it! and we haven't had a solitary caller for two days!"

Many Washington ladies write themselves down as Mrs. Secretary, Mrs. General, Mrs. Commodore, etc., in their social programme. Think of an assemblage of Mrs. Commodores and Mrs. Generals being scared by a rat!

A Boston girl was caught giggling. This is a very rare species. She was immediately placed under a glass case. Most of the Boston girls never giggle; they merely express their delight by a dreamy, far-away, Antarctic smile.

"Sire," said Madame de Stael to the great Emperor Napoleon, "can you tell me what is the most curious thing in the world?" The Emperor disliked the celebrated woman, and so he replied: "Yes, madame—it is a woman who is not curious."

A woman in Georgia wants a divorce because her husband refused to let her know the combination of his safe. For the sake of keeping peace in the family, a man should let his wife know the combination of his safe—and keep his money in the bank.

"Wife, I say, what in thunder are you opening all the doors for? I'm darned near frozen!" "Oh, James, it's so cold outdoors, and there are so many poor people exposed on the street! I thought I would just let out a little warm air to the poor things."

A Harrisburg paper does not believe in the sanctity of a tariff that taxes cut diamonds 10 per cent. and mechanics' tools from 50 to 90; laces 25 per cent., and coarse cotton goods from 50 to 100; silk velvet 26, and woolens 75; playing cards 10 per cent., and Bibles 25.

A troublesome woman named Jane Kirk, whom the records are said to show to have been arrested 238 times for petty offences, was recently sent to prison in Edinburgh for the 34th term this year. She has spent seven years four months and sixteen days in prison since 1871.

The girls have already formed their plans for leap year. To the bashful lover they will say: "Do you like home-made bread?" If he says yes, then the reply will be, "Well, I can bake it." Then if he don't take the hint, they are to seize both his hands, fall on their knees, and put the question direct.

News Notes.

Michigan sold 2,377,749 barrels of salt in 1883.

Spurious nickels are about in large numbers.

An Ohio hunter has captured a four-eared rabbit.

Gen. Sherman is said to detest street car riding.

It is stated that Arkansas has 151 native grasses.

There are 103,000 doctors in this country, it is said.

Massachusetts has 80,000 more women than men.

A 25 lb. wildcat was recently killed in Coffee county, Ga.

Cincinnati clamors for a society for the suppression of music.

St. Louis newsboys will probably have to pay a license hereafter.

Intoxicating drinks are excluded from the U. S. Senate restaurant.

Barnum owns a building in New York which rents for $65,000 a year.

Cass county, Ill., boasts of a girl whose heart is located on the right side.

Many Western railroad camps are now forbidding the presence of Chinamen.

New Orleans cotton mill girls have struck against going to work before daylight.

It is asserted that 400,000 volumes of fiction were printed in England last year.

Ohio is determined to tax "mediums," and proposes to license them at $300 a head.

New Haven authorities prohibit the blowing of locomotive whistles within the city limits.

Rev. Thos. Harrison, the "boy preacher," claims to convert, on an average, thirty-five people a day.

A woman has just died at Belfast, Ireland, who worked as a laborer at the dockyard there for 30 years.

Four cents a piece was the price promised a sewing-girl in Brooklyn for making eight dozen shirts.

A velocipede for use on the ice and fitted with steel skate-like runners, has been brought out in Canada.

Lake Champlain is frozen over its entire length and breadth, and can be traveled by horses with safety.

A citizen of Gainsville, Ga., now worth $30,000, never wore a pair of shoes until after he was 21 years of age.

The British Columbia Assembly proposes a law limiting the amount of land that one man can own to 640 acres.

A deputy sheriff in East St. Louis fired a shot at a couple of fugitive thieves, recently, and hit a woman in the foot.

It is stated that at a certain fashionable London church, ladies are beginning to bring their dogs to divine service.

Bertha Von Hillern, the ex champion lady walker, and now a Boston artist, recently sold a picture to a Baltimore man for $2,000.

Imitation oysters, ingeniously glued to the shell, are sold to the Paris public for the real article. They are flavored with copper.

A girl baby given away by its mother in 1878, in Lynchburg, this State, has fallen heir to $50,000, but the baby hasn't been found yet.

It turns out that the ghostly white lady of Berlin this time was only an inquisitive scullion wandering around in his white jacket and apron.

Joe Emmett's $4,000 dog, Rector, has since his purchase cost his master $1,500 in repairs to a billiard-room which the animal occupied over night.

Children's fashionable short dresses, according to a Boston school teacher, are accountable for more diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., than bad plumbing is.

The contribution boxes were robbed a few nights ago in New York City, and the robbers then went to the vestry and drank three bottles of communion wine.

A San Francisco woman begged hard to be allowed to marry a man who was to be hanged the next day. The Sheriff refused to allow the ceremony to be performed.

Uneasy must sit the majesty of England when it occupies the official chair of state—a solid oak chair, six hundred years old, with a seat made of rough sandstone.

The ex-King of Naples has become so reduced in circumstances that he lives with the Queen on the third floor of a house in Paris, with a retinue of three servants.

An effort is being made in the New York Legislature to limit the hours of labor of the conductors and drivers of street-cars in the large cities to twelve hours a day.

Francis Gokey, living at Rudolph, Wis., is said to be in the habit of going to various places in that vicinity to play the violin for dances, though he is now 102 years old.

Canada sleigh-riders keep warm by placing a common coal-oil lantern between the feet and covering the lap with a large blanket. Here is a suggestion for car-drivers.

Patterson, N. J., clergymen have very generally united in publishing a card pledging their efforts to suppress all "chances" or gambling in any form at church and other fairs in that city.

If a razor, after being exposed to the cold be placed under a strong magnifying glass, it is said that the edge would seem like a saw. Dipping it in hot water throws the little particles back into place and makes the edge smooth.

The Village Gossips.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

EVERYBODY in Copse Village was delighted to hear that the Court was sold at last.

For the Copse villagers had but one handsome place to boast of, and that was fast falling to decay, since old Miner Falkland died and left it "in the law."

The law had got through with it long ago, but none of its impoverished heirs felt able to keep up its antique splendors, or pay off the accumulated mortgages of the last forty years, and so Copse Court was left to the spiders, the bats and the echoes.

Of course people got up half a dozen ghost stories at once, and school-children and weak-minded servant-maids kept well out of its latitude after dark, and the old turreted pile of grey stone, braided together with black-green trails of ivy, kept its solitary watch and ward among the ancient oaks and elms, almost entirely undisturbed by human footsteps.

Mrs. Bibb returned, one afternoon from an autumn-leaf gathering expedition, and announced breathlessly to the host of ladies in the village milliner's, that "Everything was all upside-down at the court."

"Upside down, eh?" said Mrs. Standish, who was studying various shades of drab ribbon. "I s'pose you mean another piece of the roof has blown off."

"No, I don't," said Miss Bibb. "I mean carpenters and paper-hangers, and men in caps on ladders."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pepper, the lawyer's wife, who just then entered, "it is quite true. Copse Court has been purchased by a Mr. Marmaduke Clifford. My husband executed the papers."

"My! wnat a pretty name," said Miss Blasfold, the milliner, who had a soul above her trade, and read novels and wrote poetry when she was free of the bondage of the counter.

"Goin' to settle here, eh?" demanded the widow Putney.

The widow Putney wore double glasses, so that when she suddenly turned and looked at you, you experienced an unpleasant sensation of being transfixed by six eyes at once.

"I believe so," said Mrs. Pepper.

"Is he a married man?" simpered Miss Blasfold.

"Yes."

At this announcement, the interest seemed to fall twenty degrees.

"Well," said Mrs. Standish, "I am glad the court is bought. It's stood empty long enough. I hope we ladies will all make a point of calling on Mrs. Marmaduke Clifford, and I, for one, shall feel it my duty to tell her all those ridiculous stories about the ghost in the west wing, and the mysterious footsteps in the conservatory, and ——"

"Oh, yes, of course," rather maliciously interrupted the lawyer's wife; "but I am given to understand that Mrs. Marmaduke Clifford doesn't want any society."

"Not want any society?" echoed Mrs. Standish. "Then she's a proud, stuck-up thing, and I shan't associate with her. Three yards of this ribbon, if you please, Miss Blasfold. The airs and graces that some people give themselves."

Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Standish was all eyes behind her Venetian blinds, a few weeks later, when the open barouche of the Court rolled by on its way from the station preceded by a wagon load of trunks.

Only one lady sat there, dressed in a plain brown traveling suit, and a little brown hat ornamented by a speckled wing.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Standish. "Expect he married her for her money. She must be at least forty, and Paulus Pepper said the gentleman of the Court wasn't but just of age. Humph! That's the way he got the money to buy the Court, was it? Well, I've no patience with such doings. I don't wonder she looks so melancholy, for it's very plain he is tired of her already, or else he'd be with her."

So Mrs. Standish put on her bonnet, and went to tell the news to Widow Putney, who lived in a back street, and consequently, didn't know what was going on until the tiding was at least ten minutes old.

And within a week Copse Village knew all about the grand gentry up at the Court.

How Marmaduke Clifford had married a rich widow for her money, and purchased the Court therewith, and how he neglected her most shamefully already.

"But," modestly interposed little Rose Beckfield, "that can't be true, for I saw him meet her at the station yesterday, and he hugged and kissed her just as if they loved each other very dearly, and they drove off together as smiling and happy as could be."

"O , that don't prove anything," croaked the widow Putney. "Of course he's got to show her a little attention, or she'd cut off the supplies at once. Only think of it, she's been there at the Court three weeks, and he's only been to see her once. Is that matrimonial felicity, I'd like to know?"

"I dare say he's sick of his bargain already, Copse Court, and all," said Mrs. Standish.

"Not more sick than she is, I expect," said Mrs. Bibb, solemnly wagging her head.

The next week Miss Blasfold went to Y——, for the spring fashions, and came back full of mysterious tidings.

"I saw it myself, with my own eyes, or maybe I shouldn't have believed it," said she.

"Law!" panted Mrs. Putney.

"Can't be possible," said Miss Bibb.

"I must say I mistrusted some such iniquity," groaned Mrs. Standish with her eyes devoutly cast heavenward. "Oh, the wickedness of this sinful world."

"Of course," said Miss Bibb, licking her lips with a sort of relish, "somebody ought to tell that poor lady up at the Court."

"What is it, anyhow?" demanded Mrs. Muggerel, from Muggerel's Villa, who had just come in. "Do tell me."

"Well," said Miss Blasfold, sinking her voice to a discreet whisper, "I just dropped in at Madame Jumelli's, to get a peep at the styles, making believe I wasn't a milliner at all, you see, and asking to look at maroon velvet hats, trimmed with birds of Paradise—and there was Mr. Marmaduke Clifford, with the prettiest blue-eyed girl I ever did see all dressed up like a prize doll at Christmas.

"'Is my wife's hat finished?' he asks, as proud as a prince.

"And madame, she bows, and curtseys, and brings out a lovely hat, all dewdrops, and tulle puffings, and silver wheatears, and tries it on my lady.

"'It can't be prettier, Mrs. Clifford, nor more becoming,' says she. And then they order it to be sent to some hotel or other—I wasn't able to catch the name—and out they goes.

"'A pretty young lady, that?' says I. 'Yes,' says the French milliner. 'I believe they're a bridal couple.' 'Oh, indeed,' says I. And then I looked at the bonnets, and came out again."

"Horrible," said Mrs. Muggerel, with a long breath.

"I suppose it's bigamy," hinted Mrs. Bibb.

"Nothing less," asserted Mrs. Standish.

"And that poor, confiding creature up at the court," sighed Mrs. Putney, "a-spending her lonely hours in solitude, while her husband is galavanting with another woman, if I'd caught Putney at such a trick as that in his life-time——"

"Of course she must be told," said Mrs. Standish. "It's a clear Christian duty."

* * * * * *

"Three ladies, ma'am, to see you."

Mrs. Clifford looked a little surprised as the neat little parlor-maid brought in three cards, on which were subscribed, in various styles of handwriting, the three names—

"Mrs. Isaac Putney."

"Mrs. Zerubbabel Standish."

"Miss Blasfold."

"I can't imagine what their business can be," said Mrs. Clifford. "However, Phœbe, you may show them in."

And the three village gossips found themselves presently in the drawing-room of the pale, aristocratic-looking lady of the Court.

"May I inquire what has procured me this honor?" asked she, somewhat frigidly.

"Ah!" groaned Mrs. Putney.

"Prepare yourself," exhorted Mrs. Standish.

"Remember, this is a hollow and deceitful world," sighed Miss Blasfold.

Still Mrs. Clifford said nothing, but eyed them with grave expectation.

"Your husband——" began Mrs. Putney.

"Whom you confide in so blindly," interposed Miss Blasfold.

"Is at this present moment passing off another woman in Y—— as his wife!" finished the widow.

"Don't faint. Smell at this eau-de-Cologne. Calm yourself. Although it is our painful duty to undeceive you, still we pity your natural grief."

But, to the astonishment of all the three visitors, Mrs. Clifford showed no intention of fainting, but put away the widow's proffered vinaigrette with a perfectly steady hand.

"Ladies," said she, with a smile lurking about the corners of her mouth, "you are mistaken!"

"I knew she wouldn't believe us," sighed Mrs. Standish.

"Mr. Marmaduke Clifford is at present in the adjoining room with his young wife," said the lady. "If you do not believe me, you can see for yourselves."

She opened the door as she spoke, and at the further end of the apartment the three gossips could perceive a golden-haired young girl bending over a flower-stand, while the tall young master of the Court stood by her.

"And as to my husband, he has been dead for ten years; and Marmaduke Clifford is my only son. Have I satisfied your impertinent curiosity sufficiently, or do you wish to meddle still further?"

Mrs. Standish, the Widow Putney, and Miss Blasfold, crept out of Copse Court, feeling exceedingly small, and shrinking under Mrs. Clifford's scathing glance and biting words of scorn.

"It's all your fault, Miranda Blasfold!" cried the widow, when they were safe out on the road once more.

"Meddling and prying like an old maid as you are," added Mrs. Standish, in her exasperation.

Poor Miss Blasford burst into tears.

"I only told you what I saw," she whimpered.

"You'll never learn to hold your tongue, I think," said Mrs. Standish, severely. "To go and get us into such a ridiculous scrape as this."

And for a whole week the tide of gossip languid in Copse Village.

They had got a sharp lesson, and did not forget it.

◆

SMALL boy (entering shop): "I want a penny-worth o' canary seed." Shopkeeper (who knows the boy): "Is it for your mother?" Small boy (contemptuously): "No! it's for the bird."

Humorous.

Financiering vowels—I O U.

Epitaph for a policeman: He sleeps his last sleep.

When is a man out of date? When he's a weak back.

Physicians have used Dr. Graves's Heart Regulator as a cure for Heart Disease. Price $1. by druggists.

The poorest of all relations—Telling a good story badly.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," is an old adage;" but does it at wed-lock?

"Wonderful!" said a clergyman of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator; "it cured my Heart Disease." Price, $1.

Why is a lady's foot like a locomotive? Because it moves in advance of a train.

Why is a stupid man like a man with one leg? Because his understanding is imperfect.

◆

Baugher's Bonanza.

Kinsley (Kansas) Mercury, Saturday, Dec. 29, 1883. Some time ago E. D. Baugher, a blacksmith of this town, commenced investing in the Henry College Lottery, of Louisville, Ky., and last Saturday he obtained the welcome intelligence that the ticket he held had drawn the second cash prize of $10,000, the lucky number being 18,212. Mr. Baugher is an industrious working man, and one of our most respected citizens.

THE PRIZE PROMPTLY PAID.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 4, 1884. Received of J. J. Douglas, for the Henry College Lottery Company, payment in full for the prize ticket No. 18,212, drawn Dec. 27th, 1883, said prize ticket drawing ten thousand dollars ($10,000) and owned by E. D. Baugher, Kinsley, Edwards county, Kansas.

Bank of Kentucky, by E. C. Dulaney, Clerk.

Next grand drawing in Covington, Ky., February 28th: $30,000, $10,000, $5,000, and other large prizes. Tickets only $2; halves, $1. Address your orders to J. J. Douglas, Covington, Ky.

◆

A Special Prescription.

Mr. Kempton, of State St., New York City, having become so weak and emaciated from Diabetes, his friends were hopeless of his recovery until his physician, a homœopath, ordered Dr. Humphreys' Homœopathic Special Prescription for this disease, and, although the case was far advanced, the cure was rapidly effected. Another: A. N. Saller, Esq., of Savannah, Ga., writes: "I was a fearful sufferer from Chronic Inflammation and Congestion of the Kidneys. Humphreys' Homœopathic Specifics Nos. 27 and 30 were administered, with a splendid result, the cure being prompt and permanent."

◆

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

◆

Honey Bees.

We call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Cotton, in this column, under head of "Honey Bees." Mrs. Cotton's new system of bee-keeping has proved a great success.

◆

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 193 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

◆

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming The Saturday Evening Post.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

HONEY BEES.
THE NEW SYSTEM OF BEE-KEEPING.
Every one who has a Farm or Garden can keep Bees on my plan, with good profit. I have invented a Hive and new system of Bee-management, which completely changes the whole process of Bee-keeping, and renders the business pleasant and profitable. I have received One Hundred Dollars Profit, from the sale of Box Honey from One Hive of Bees in one year. Illustrated circular of Full Particulars Free. Address MRS. LIZZIE E. COTTON, West Gorham, Maine.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

40 Satin Finish, Extra fine, Golden Beauties, Friendship Series, Scrap Mottoes & Hid Cards, with name, 10c. 11 pks. & this heavy rolled gold seal ring for $1. Agt's complete Album 25c. Please remember this is not the cheap pack and ring so much advertised. ALLING BROS., Northford, Ct.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 160 pages mailed for only 10c. by The Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

CRAZY PATCHWORK Package of bright, elegant silks plain and brocades, 25c.; large samples 10c. Embroidery Floss 1-3oz. ass'd colors 20c. 3 pkts $1. Fowler & Co, New Haven, Ct.

PHONOGRAPHY or Phonetic Short-Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners sent on application. Address PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cin'ti, O.

50 Double Enamel Chromo Cards. Embellished in many beautiful colors, with name 10c. Sample book, 25c. Steam Card Works, West Haven, Conn.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.
For the cure of
SKIN DISEASES,
ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY. PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.
Liver Complaints, Etc.,
Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for
Kidney and Bladder Complaints
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.
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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
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ABOUT DREAMS.

A DREAM may be defined as a temporary frolic of the brain, which released from the guidance of reason relaxes its rules and laws and indulges in a little amusement of its own; as the chairs and tables are said to do when the family have gone to bed and the house is still.

A French writer is quoted as saying: "that to dream gloriously, one must act gloriously while we are awake, and to bring down angels to converse with us in our sleep, we must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

There is no doubt that the same ideas pursuing us through the day follow us into the land of dreams with a persistency which often is annoying and wearisome.

Sometimes an idea that eluded us in the day comes to us at night perfected. Musicians have found a lost chord in their dreams; mathematicians have found correct figures which their waking minds could not grasp, but which came to them clearly when they were asleep, and were with them when they awoke.

Franklin had several of his projects decided for him by dreams; Sir John Herschel composed poetry in his sleep, which he committed to paper on awakening: Goethe says: "The object which had occupied my attention, during the day, often reappeared at night in connected dreams. In the morning, I was accustomed to record my dreams on paper."

Coleridge composed his poem of the "Abyssinian Maid" in a dream, and it was said of Lord Jeffreys, that although he went to bed at night with events, plans, and dates all in a whirl in his head, during sleep, "they crystalized around their proper centres."

It is considered among people of education and refinement a vulgar habit to relate dreams, or attach any importance to them: yet we are told of Lord Bacon that he himself records a dream in which he saw his father's house in the country plastered all over with black mortar, and he had, no doubt, on awaking that he should hear bad tidings. It proved true, as his father died the very night on which he had this dream.

In the old Bible days great importance was attached to dreams. The Egyptians, and Babylonians governed their lives by them, as the Chinese do to-day.

Some people fortify themselves with what is called a dream-book. They believe that to dream of snakes denotes an enemy, to dream of a wedding is a sign of a funeral, and to dream of a funeral betokens a wedding.

There are conditions attached to the objects dreamed of; for instance, if a young man dreams of marrying a pretty girl he will be sure to marry a simpleton; and if a girl dreams she has a nice looking lover, it is a sure sign she will take up with a puttyhead.

There is this peculiarity in dreams: they all stop just short of fulfilment. We dream of thirst but not of quenching it; we dream of flying, and just as we launch out and are about to enjoy the delightful sensation of floating in the air, we awake with a bruised head from having come in contact with the floor.

There are other things that happen in dreams that all remember are of a most strange and contradictory kind. But where they happen, or why they happen, it is beyond the power of any earthly philosophy to truly teach or determine.

JENNIE MENDELL.

* * *

DRESS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—Cloth of gold, satin, and velvet, enriched by the florid decorations of the needle, were insufficient to satisfy the pride of nobles: robes formed of these costly materials were frequently ornamented with embroidery of goldsmiths' work, thickly set with precious stones; and the most absurd and fantastic habits were continually adopted in the restless desire to appear in new inventions. John of Ghent is represented in a habit divided straight down the middle, one side white the other half dark blue; and his son Henry IV., on his return from exile, rode in procession through London in a jacket of cloth of gold, "after the German fashion." The dukes and earls who attended his coronation wore three bars of ermine on the left arm, a quarter of a yard long, "or thereabouts:" the barons had but two; and over the monarch's head was borne a canopy of blue silk, supported by silver staves, with four gold bells, "that rang at the corners."—"Early in the reign of Richard II. began," says Stowe, "the detestable use of spiked shoes, tied to the knees with chains of silver gilt; also women used high attire on their heads with spiked horns and long training gowns. The commons also were besotted in excess of apparel; in wide surcoats reaching to their loins; some in a garment reaching to their heels, close before and sprouting out at the sides, so that on the back they make men seem women, and this they call by a ridiculous name—*gowns*. Their hoods are little, and tied under the chin."

* * *

NATURE AND ART.—At a microscopic exhibition in Boston lately, the sting of a honey bee was thrown upon the screen, the point of which was so sharp as to be hardly distinguishable. At the same time the finest of needles was shown, under the same power of the microscope, and the end of the needle measured five inches across.

* * *

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Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Ol: Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
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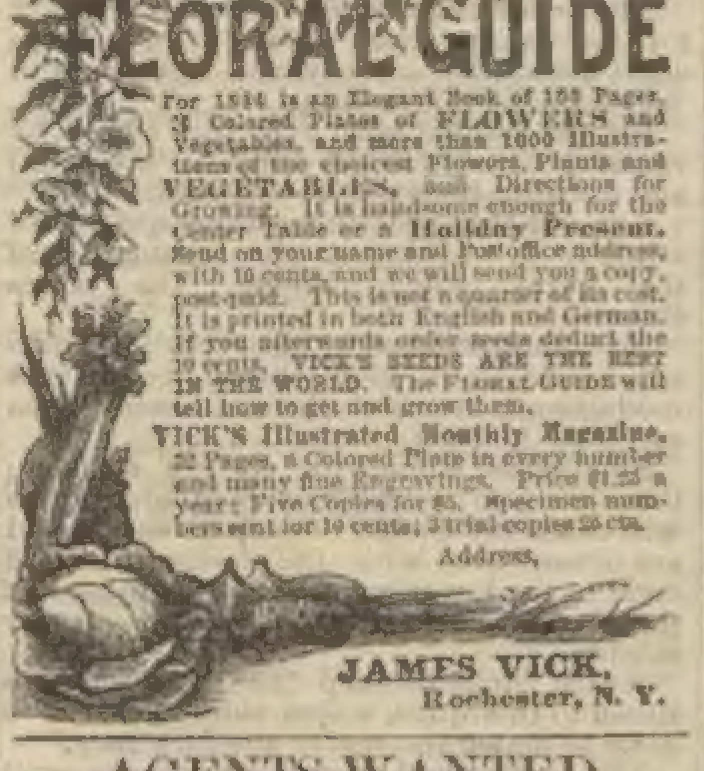
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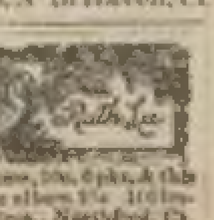
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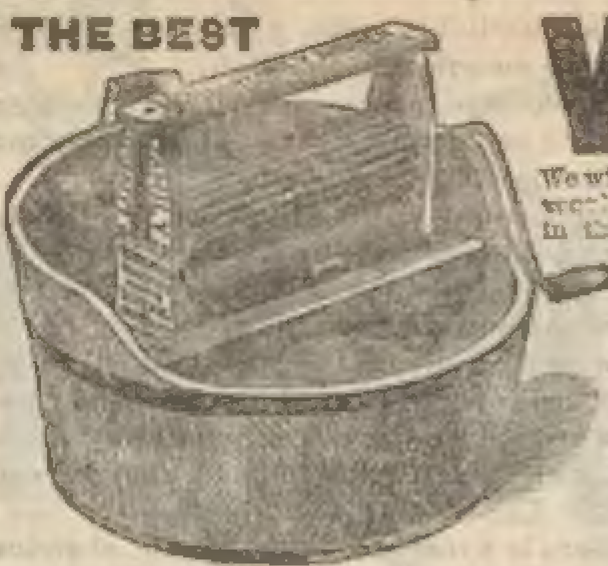
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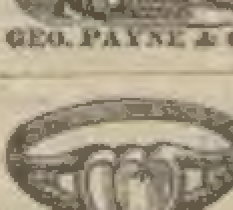
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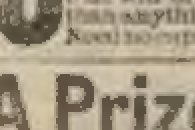
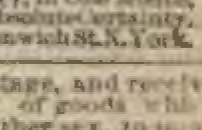
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

VISITING costumes and toilettes for receptions, balls, and the theatre, still constitute the chief elements of the fashions at present.

It may be said that the winter season in Washington begins after New Year's Day only, and it is not until Lent that it subsides.

The dresses worn during the day are divided into three classes, a simple costume for the morning walk or drive, or visiting toilette and a five o'clock tea-gown; after these come dinner dresses and ball and reception toilettes.

Velvet and velveteen are largely used for the morning costume, as for instance, a dress of plain and ottoman brown velvet, the skirt made with three wide, vertical pleats of velvet alternated with panels of the broche ottoman velvet.

A large pouf of the broche at the back is draped on to the edge of the corsage and forms the paniers.

The waistcoat is fastened with gold drop buttons, and a pelerine of sealskin is fastened with gold clasps corresponding with the buttons.

A brown felt hat with a plume of a dozen brown feather tips, and an aigrette of a golden bird of paradise, completes this typical costume.

Even the boots are of brown cloth and kid fastened with dead gold buttons.

Cloth tailor-made costumes are still in vogue, especially with ladies who can appreciate the advantages of these exquisitely fitting, though very simple-looking dresses.

Cloth jackets are also worn differing from the skirt, and are made in all plain dark colors, burnt sienna, seal, chestnut, Saint-Louis blue, brick red, scabious, carmelite, old copper, iron grey, mineral grey, ochre-grey, silver gray, in short the whole scale of grays.

Polonaises and redingotes of cloth trimmed with bands of fur are also worn with pleated skirts of woolen material or velveteen.

The polonaises are very long in front and draped far back at the sides, the back falling in large fluted pleats, or puffed first and then pleated to the edge.

This style is preferred by many to the redingote, the plain straight lines of this vetement being found too trying to the figure by some, and considered to be wanting in elegance by others.

Both light and dark furs are employed in trimming these costumes, from astrakan to chinchilla otter skin.

The trimmings most in vogue this season are, besides fur of all descriptions, chenille embroideries, and embroideries wrought in steel, silver, gold, and silk, appliques of velvet, and chenille flowers and arabesques; flowers in raised wool embroidery, Louis XIV. and openwork embroideries, braids enriched with many colored sparkling beads, and gold and silver braids, may be added to the long list, and there are even wide braids with painted subjects of flowers and fruit.

Braid and embroidery well blended together form the most stylish of these trimmings, and give a finishing touch to a simple toilette.

Similar silk, bead, and gold and silver thread embroideries, but in richer designs and more varied colors are employed for evening toilettes, in some cases humming birds, placed here and there on the design add to the richness of the general effect.

Some industrious ladies have made very handsome applique trimmings of the large flowers and other designs cut from old brocades that figured at court in the last century, or that, having finished their existence as furniture coverings, now re-appear as dress ornaments.

The appliques are sewn on to velvet, satin antique, or brocade in a plain color, the pattern forming a kind of damask background to the embroidery.

Velvet is as extensively used for visiting toilettes as is velveteen for the plain morning costume, but it is made up in more elaborate styles and richly trimmed.

One or two dresses of this class may be mentioned as new and typical.

In one model the skirt is of grenat velvet, flat, and cut out in large embroidered scallops with handsome chenille and gold tassels falling between the scallops.

Beneath the scallops is a fluted pleating of sicilienne.

The tunic is of the same thick, soft, ribbed sicilienne, draped in large graceful folds from left to right, with long pleats of the two materials in the back.

The corsage is of velvet slightly pointed in front and open over a velvet plastron embroidered with flowers.

A charming little Duchess of Cleves mantelet, bordered with a fringe of chenille and gold tassels, opens a little in front to show the embroidered plastron.

In another model the plain skirt is of pain brule velvet, and the tunic and corsage of shot blue and dead leaf surah studded with round spots of plain brule velvet.

There is a marked tendency to abandon all elaborate draperies for elegant toilettes, which are made of the most sumptuous and costly fabrics but in very plain styles.

A very rich toilette of black velvet has the tablier covered with a mass of embroidery representing bunches of grapes and vine-leaves, and edged on each side with panels embroidered in the same manner in silks, but without beads.

At the edge is a narrow flounce of velvet scalloped with silk.

The corsage has a point in front and a point on each side of the back, which is Princess shaped, and ends in pleated redingote coat tails covering the back of the skirt, and sustained by a series of steels.

Dresses of this description with heavily embroidered panels are made up with a bouillonne of stiff muslin on the foundatiod skirt, reaching about ten inches below the waist.

These bouillonnes start from each side of the tablier and cover the hips, the stiff muslin of which they are formed being full and gathered.

They are employed with all dresses made of such heavy fabrics as velvet or cloth.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the extraordinary richness and beauty of some of the new fabrics that are now finding their way from Lyons.

The gold and silver brocades, those with raised velvet flowers in the colorings of Gobelins tapestry and Sevres china, the glittering tablier and fourreau skirts encrusted with colored stones, rock crystal beads, gold, silver, and burnished, blue and brown steel, combined with Louis XVI. chenille flowers, are amongst the marvellous fabrics produced for ball and evening toilettes.

There are brocades made on Jacquart looms in which velvet flowers stand out in relief on brocade, velvet, damask, and antique satin grounds, like so many artificial or natural flowers scattered over the surface.

Most of these fabrics are copied from genuine specimens of the Louis XIV. era, and many of them cost from $25 to $100 per yard; some of the gold and silver brocades cost considerably more than this, especially if pearls or rock crystal beads are employed for the embroideries.

It is, of course, only for a privileged few that these magnificent tissues are destined, but they show the great tendency there is to employ glittering ornaments, and the danger that will probably arise of substituting for these regal modes cheap imitations, which their wearers will fallaciously imagine have precisely the same effect.

Those who are not to be deceived on this point choose silk or chenille embroidery, or arrange their toilettes so that only a little good embroidery is required in carrying them out.

Very exquisite toilettes can be made without ruining oneself in gold and pearl embroidery, as, for instance, a dress of cream satin, the skirt embroidered with silk, chenille, and white bugles, the redingote of Byzantine red velvet with a lace chemisette lined with cream satin in front, and fastened at the throat by a diamond or strass clasp.

An exceedingly pretty mode for ball toilettes is the use of flower fringes, natural flowers are used, but where these cannot be obtained artificial flowers are employed, and have a very good effect.

A toilette of moonwhite tulle, an indescribable pale shade of blue, is made with a long comet-shaped train of tulle, and a tulle and a tulle scarf draped in eastern fashion.

The front of the tulle skirt is ornamented and nearly covered with four rows of a fringe of Parma violets.

Fireside Chat.

A CHAT ABOUT QUILTS.

IN accordance with the expressed wish for some hints concerning quilts, and to satisfy the greatly varied requirements of our numerous readers, I shall endeavor to select from multiplied sources, such as I think not only the most novel and costly for home use, but those which will be found serviceable, pretty, and reasonable as gifts to hospitals and the poor.

The rage for eccentricities may be carried to the extreme, but the play of fancy, with proper regard to art and beauty, is both commendable and improving.

A pure cultivated taste may be discovered even in the meanest, or at least most homely piece of workmanship, and in whatever we attempt to produce care should be taken that in all parts, both as to material, design and work, harmony be considered as essential.

The very beautiful designs now so easily procured where the worker is not her own artist is a matter for congratulation, such as was unknown in former years.

The taste and desire for elegances are being developed and displayed to a very great extent, the danger being that without forethought we may be carried beyond what is wise and just.

However, what would be perfectly wrong and unjustifiable in some cases is altogether consistent and commendable in others, for it is pleasant for the eye to be gratified with pictures of beauty which those possessed of wealth can, and do, produce.

The rich satin quilts in squares of different colors, each square embroidered in bouquets or foreign birds in all their rich shades, to suit the color of the square on which the embroidery is done, and joined together by fancy stitches in fine gold threads, are very elegant.

These squares should be sufficient in number to cover the bed, and a border be attached about half or three-quarters of a yard in width with a graceful running wreath or more set designs worked in silks with a plentiful but appropriate mixture of gold thread.

The edge is trimmed with fine guipure lace, which should be laid flat on the satin, just passing the outer edge.

A lining of washing satin slightly quilted greatly adds to the beauty of the work, throwing it up with a softness and roundness it otherwise would lack.

A less expensive covering is made in stripes of guipure d'art and bands of broad satin ribbon, either plain, painted or embroidered.

There are some beautiful fancy ribbons which would be found very applicable for this purpose.

Whatever color the ground of these ribbons may be, a good contrasting color should be used as a lining, which is seen beneath the bands of the guipure.

Old gold color as a lining is very good, and suits almost any other color.

The bands of lace and ribbon are lightly sewn together by a gold-colored silk, which is easily drawn out when the lace requires to be cleaned.

This quilt is also edged with lace, put on rather full, under a heading of fancy velvety braid.

Devices in geometrical designs cut in cardboard, and covered with pieces of silk of various colors carefully arranged and neatly joined, will utilise the scraps of silks and satins so often collected by our young friends.

These are suitable for cots or couvre-pieds and are bright and warm when well quilted on a sateen lining.

The edges may be corded or have a quilling of ribbon all round.

Painted satin will display the skill of the artist, and be ever an elegant and valued work, either as a wedding present, a birthday or new year's gift.

The size is cut for the bed in wide width satin, the deep border or valance being made and sewed on after the rest of the quilt is finished.

The design should be sufficiently large to fill the centre as a picture.

This painting should be on good black or colored satin; the design either floral or some elegant bird and very graceful branches.

After choosing the pattern, cut a piece of thin cardboard, either oblong or in a large sized medallion, and cover it tightly with wadding and soft muslin.

Fix the painted satin over the edges by running a thread in the edge of the satin and drawing it closely at the back.

Arrange the medallion on the quilt and stitch it on, working at the wrong side of the quilt, which leaves the edges smooth.

A framework in some light scroll is worked on the satin in gold thread before the medallion is attached, the size having been carefully marked.

Small-sized shields fill in the corners; these are also mounted on cardbard, which will cause the design to keep in shape, and are ornamented with the monogram and crest in the lower corners, and bouquets of flowers or oriental birds in the upper shields.

A rich fringe or deep lace is a suitable finish to this quilt, which should be of a color to match the rest of the furniture.

The knitted and crochet quilts are still still to be seen, and the various and more or less difficult stitches are brought into request, but the time they take in making renders them less attractive to the busy worker who is ever ready for novelty.

The patterns for crochet and knitting are so numerous that no difficulty will be found in selecting from the various stores such as will suit all classes of workers.

Cretonne work is most effective, and for this the chance of producing the most beautiful and artistic designs is undeniable.

On a foundation of good satin cloth or twilled cotton the most beautiful designs can be arranged.

The cretonne should be good, and the designs carefully cut out and slightly gummed, to keep them in place for sewing.

Correspondence.

FANNIE.—We advise you to dismiss the young man. We do not think him worthy of your love.

JEANIE.—The letters I. N. R. I. are the initials of the Latin title placed upon the cross by Pilate: "Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudaeorum"—Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews.

D. O. A.—Any soldier of the Union army who served ninety days may take out a patent for 16 acres of Government land, or his legal issue, if he is dead. Full information may be obtained from the Government Land Office.

L. T.—Go to church, by all means; you only get into a morbid and distressed state by staying away. We know no better "cure" for the evil of which you complain than a patient, humble, and simple-minded reading of the Gospels.

PYTHAGORAS.—For nervousness and depression of spirits a cold bath every morning is an excellent remedy; but be cautious how you take it if you have not been accustomed to it. A tepid bath is best for some constitutions. Take exercise afterwards.

DARLING.—It depends very much upon circumstances whether or not you should rise from your seat when shaking hands with a gentleman. In the case of a very old person, one very much your superior, or a very intimate friend, you might do so, but in ordinary cases it is not usual nor proper in the upper ranks of society.

G. B.—We do not see any special objection to the union on the ground named; but better give it up. You are evidently not of a settled disposition, and this probably is the real reason of the dislike. Dismiss the idea of marriage for the next ten years at least. Some men are born to be bachelors. You are probably one of the number.

IDA MAY W.—Judging from the description given we think you are very pretty. 2. The wine was too strong for any young lady to partake who was not accustomed to it, and we advise both you and your lady friend never to touch it again. 3. You are too young to have any serious idea of matrimony. 4. You should be more punctual in answering your friend's letters.

ALPHA.—It is obviously impossible for us to say whether a displacement or malformation can be rectified. If there were no other reason why we could not do so, it would suffice that we have not seen the case, and cannot therefore form any idea of the probabilities. The proper course to pursue is to consult some experienced and expert surgeon who has particularly attended to deformities of the face.

F.—The common tuberose is a plant with white flowers, spiked and somewhat aggregated, the tube a little curved. The stem is three or four feet high, and is upright and unbranched; the flowers are very fragrant, their odor being most powerful after sunset. The plant grows well in the south of Europe: its native country is not certain. One species is found in Brazil; the European variety has been known for three centuries.

CATTERINA.—In order to read aloud well, and to interest others, it is needful to be interested yourself in what you read. You trouble arises from lack of attention, and from allowing your thoughts to wander. A celebrated preacher once gave as a rule for acquiring a perfectly distinct utterance, "Take care of the vowels, and the consonants will take care of themselves," meaning that, if the vowels are sounded clearly and sharply, the speech will be rendered distinct.

CURIOUS.—The sign of the pawnbroker's three balls was taken from that of the Italian bankers, generally called Lombards, who were the first to open loan-shops in England for the relief of temporary distress. The greatest of the Lombards were the celebrated and eventually princely House of the Medici of Florence. They bore pills on their shield, and those pills, as usual then, were gilded in allusion to the professional origin from whom they had derived the name of Medici, whence their agents in England and other countries placed their armorial bearings over their doors, and others adopted the sign.

ZOE.—Liebig's formula for extract of meat is as follows—The lean part of recently-killed meat chopped very small, one pound; water, six and a half pints. Agitate well for ten minutes, then heat gradually to the boiling-point; let it simmer gently for a few minutes, strain through a hair sieve while hot, and evaporate to a soft mass. One pound of meat yields barely one ounce. Generally to make good beef-tea, slice lean beef into a stone jar, add a little water and a pinch of salt, immerse in a saucepan of cold water, and raise slowly to a gentle boil, or place in a slow oven for an hour or two; strain, and flavor to taste.

J. H. B.—This lady was married at the age of fourteen, and now being deserted by her husband, wishes for a divorce. In the first place, the desertion is the natural result of two persons entering into a marriage that passion, not reason, has dictated. Love has really the two phases we have mentioned. The first marries at all hazards, and, in nineteen cases out of twenty, repents the act before the honeymoon is barely over; for, the passion gratified, reason begins, and faults on both sides that might have been corrected in course of courtship get magnified and ultimately, after, perhaps, a few months only of cohabitation, the parties separate with the happiness of both wrecked. We have no advice to give in such a matter.

M. A. C.—If A, a convict, be hanged upon circumstantial evidence, and after a while B, another prisoner, be found by his own confession guilty of the murder for which A was hanged, B would be executed for it, presuming, of course, it were clearly demonstrated that he actually committed the crime. Thus, in the celebrated case of Jonathan Bradford, the Oxford inn-keeper, who was found standing by a newly murdered man, with his hand bloody and with a knife in it, although he had come there with an intent to murder, he did not actually commit the crime; nevertheless on this circumstantial evidence he was executed, though he protested his innocence. After the execution, Hayes, the footman of the murdered man, on his deathbed confessed the crime. Death alone saved him from the gallows. It is impossible for law always to be certain of the justice of her acts; and it is a maxim in law that no man shall be put upon his trial twice for the same offence, that is, after being once acquitted further evidence be evolved; but we do not learn that it is a maxim that two different men should not be tried for the same crime, even if one has by misadventure expiated the offence.